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New Statesman

14 February 1986 80p IR£1.28 US$1.50 By Air

# RULE BOOK REVEALED

## The secret code for Ministers

**SUSIE ORBACH: Squashing women into shape**

**ROD PRINCE: Goodbye Baby Doc**

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## One-day conference
## Saturday February 22nd

Institute of Education
20 Bedford Way
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**Speakers:**

**Mike Ward,** Deputy Leader & Chair of Industry and Employment, GLC
**Helen Jackson,** Sheffield City Council
**Mary Rogers,** GLEB
**Ros Cave,** Haringey Councillor
**John Duncan,** Merseyside City Council
**Joe Gordon,** Convenor, Fords Dagenham

**TIMETABLE**

| | |
|---|---|
| 9.30am – 10.00am | Registration of Delegates |
| 10.00am –12.30pm | Speaker and General Discussion |
| 12.30pm – 1.30pm | Lunch (£1.50, unwaged free) |
| 1.30pm – 4.00pm | Workshops |

Working with trade unions and the community. Councils as buyers and employers. Training and Technology. The environment and socially useful production. Black employment initiatives. Women's employment issues. Investment of pension funds and enterprise boards.

4.00 – 4.45pm Plenary Session.

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New Statesman

*Cover drawing:* Clifford Harper

**Cabinet's secret rule-book**
Every government is itself governed by a dossier of rules on their conduct. Most of them are designed to keep citizens in ignorance. This week we begin publication of the rule-book, with expert commentary by CLIVE PONTING 10

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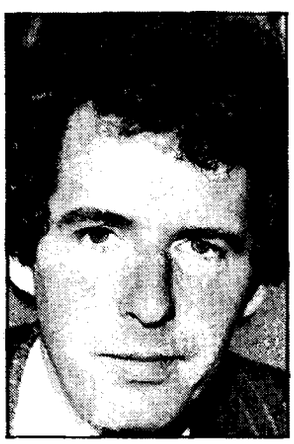

**LOCAL GOVERNMENT**
DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports on the manoeuvrings behind the Bill that may make it illegal for councils to tell you the time of day. Minister William Waldegrave (above) has to pilot this shambles through the House

**NANNY'S EYE VIEW**
SARA MAITLAND takes issue with Marilyn French

**PERFORMANCE POLITICS**
Playwright DAVID EDGAR takes an armchair view of the Conservative Party dramatics

**BEST OF BRITISH**
JUDITH WILLIAMSON asks whether there really is a renaissance in British cinema

**ON THE RUN**
CARL GARDNER meditates on the spirit in which men don their trainers

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2864 14 February 1986

# An invalid election from start to finish

BOTH THE SOVIET Union and the United States in their different ways have found that the problems of being an imperial power are a great deal more intractable in the twentieth century than they were, say, for the British in the eighteenth and nineteenth. But still the crude naivety with which Washington views the world is unbelievable. It is also very dangerous for the rest of us.

The Philippines election is of a piece with a long tradition of American foreign policy. For supposed strategic reasons the Americans give unstinting support for years to an unsavoury and corrupt dictator. When the Marcos regime begins to lose its grip, pro-consuls are sent to demand belated 'reforms' and an improvement in what is euphemistically called the human rights performance of the regime. Then Washington audibly discusses the question of how it is to keep influence and control when Marcos goes and debates the tactics of how to dump him in time. And then they press for 'elections' to placate Congressional opinion in the apparently sincere belief that the ballot box from which the American political system derives its legitimacy will magically transform the political and power realities of a country like the Philippines.

Now, forlornly, the Americans are trying to rescue something from the wreckage of the Filipino elections. The elections themselves were a complete travesty from start to finish. Every election fraud and racket known in the history of politics was deployed on a gargantuan scale by the supporters of a regime that made not the slightest attempt to conceal what it was doing. This was combined with intimidation and murder.

For Washington to call, as it is now doing, for the opposition to 'co-operate' with the Marcos government in settling election disputes is absurd. The fact is that the *entire* election is invalid because of the way in which the Marcos regime conducted itself. Mrs Aquino and the opposition would be politically insane to co-operate in any way with a Marcos regime that claimed a continuing hold on power as a result of such an electoral travesty. □

# Unions with a reasonable face

WHEN THE MINERS' union defied the law on picketing, the government presented it as a Marxist-inspired defiance of the authority of the State itself. Arthur Scargill's rhetorical presentation of union power, manifested by physical strength, as a defence of class interests did conceal the reality: that the union did not have much power and that mass physical strength was, in the end, weaker than the power of the State.

The latest union to face the power of the State in the form of trade union law is SOGAT 82, the union which represents cleaners, secretaries, telephonists as well as print room workers. It is led by



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Brenda Dean, whose tones of great reasonableness may conceal that many print workers have a lot in common with 1984's angry miners. But she does make clear one great truth; that under current trade union law and employer practice in Britain, unions have very little power at all. For the other side of rejecting legally binding agreements is that, at a time when the free labour market is stacked against secure employment, there is nothing in law to help the unions. It too is stacked against them. As Ms Dean has said, there is no point in having a union if it cannot defend its members, and the law will not allow it to.

The key clauses of employment law which block off trade union action are those prohibiting trade union members from picketing places other than those which directly employ them, sympathetic action by other trade unionists and action in pursuit of aims which are not strictly defined as furtherance of a group of workers' own wages and conditions. These are the clauses which an incoming Labour government should reform. However, the requirement for unions to hold ballots on strike action on the political fund and on closed shops are worth preserving. Apart from anything else, they force union leaders to engage their members in thinking about and taking responsibility for what their union should be for.

A new government should also clarify the law on who an employer is. The High Court ruling which decided that two registered companies which have the same owners, directors and address are quite separate entities allows any employer to transfer his responsibilities, on paper, to a new company. The law acts on that paper transference and prohibits the union from pursuing its members' employer across the paper divide.

Meanwhile, SOGAT has decided it has no choice but to defy the law. It is a decision that many bodies and individuals take when they deem the law unjust. The only requirement becomes that they accept the consequences of their illegal action. SOGAT is calmly doing so. In consequence, the swing away from a Conservative ideology about power-crazy unions is likely to continue to move in the unions' favour. □


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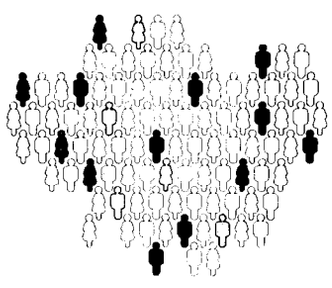

LONDON AGAINST RACISM
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# Life is short, Art is long

WHEN REALITY IS 'broken and jagged', wrote Tony Dunn in the *Guardian*'s Manifesto for the Arts last Monday, then 'wit and beauty are the true sources of subversion.'

His plea for an end to the Left's enthronement of popular (*Crossroads*/Mills and Boon) culture and for its commitment to excellence will have touched many readers' hearts. Just because *EastEnders* is the most popular programme on television, does that really mean that the Left must accept it as the most significant artistic creation on show? Or, to pursue a question raised by playwright Howard Barker in the same Manifesto, does the fact that complex, ambiguous tragedy seems to appeal to so few mean that we should disregard it, reject it as elitist in our search for the hearts and minds of the masses?

Adding his voice to these howls of frustration is Neil Postman, whose book *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, is published this week (see page 26). Speaking to the Frankfurt book fair, Postman argued that television offers 'a mode of discourse in which everything is accessible, simplistic, concrete, and above all, entertaining.' In consequence, he says, America is the first culture in danger of amusing itself to death; and, by implication, the rest are on the same slippery slope.

Of course, the arguments of these three men are not the same. But they all raise the same question: has the Left, once the assailant of cultural and intellectual sloth, itself been seduced into a complacent accommodation with the philistines?

But the issue has become confused: the current critical focus on the soaps and on popular entertainment is not, *per se*, to endorse them as 'art', as creations able to shift our perceptions, give truthful acknowledgement to pain. On the contrary, popular culture is interesting precisely because it encapsulates prejudices, expresses, as Hilary Kingsley argued in the *New Statesman* last week, the myths with which society consoles itself. Left-wing intellectuals, who were once sure that their ideas had the power to change the world, for whom the economic and cultural poverty of our society was patently oppressive, have had to work out why their values are not shared by more people. They have to analyse the potency of popular culture in protecting people from a sense of their own impotence. This is quite different from upholding Barbara Cartland or *Crossroads* as forms which can subvert an acceptance of, in Barker's phrase, 'human squalor.'

TONY DUNN however takes another giant leap into confusion when he turfs women's, gay, Black and community arts into the same pot of unworthy culture. Many of these are outcomes of precisely that urge which Howard Barker rightly calls for: the urge not to do things in unison, to hum banal tunes together.

It is also true that a lot of the plays and poems, paintings and novels, which come out of this urge may not be very good. But the freedom to produce them, the freedom to try, to get it wrong, to do it badly, is the freedom to search out new ways of telling the truth. Without the constant digging of the soil by the many who will never be great, there will be no nurturing of the courage and ideas that will allow a few to produce 'classic' works. Caryl Churchill's *Top Girls*, Howard Barker's own *The Castle* undoubtedly derive much of their power from the feminist ferment in the theatre.

If we suppose that the recently discovered, undistinguished play Edmund Ironsides, was written by a young William Shakespeare, let us imagine what would have happened had he been sharply told it was a rotten work, pandering too much to popular taste and he would do better retiring to husband his estate. □



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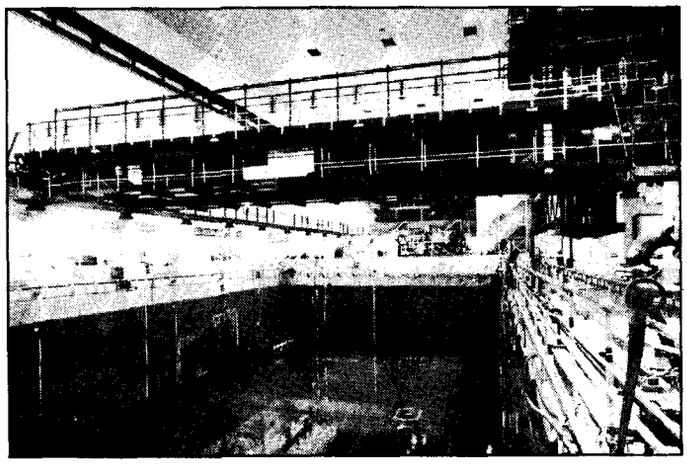
# SELLAFIELD PLANT 'SPRINGS ANOTHER LEAK'



Pond Five before it was filled. CORE say it's leaking; BNFL say it isn't

**SELLAFIELD has had its third leak within as many weeks, according to Cumbrians Opposed to a Radioactive Environment (CORE), a Greenpeace-funded action group. RUTH BALOGH reports**

LAST WEEK workers were accidentally contaminated by plutonium mist, and the week before uranium was inadvertently discharged to sea. Now CORE say, citing an 'unimpeachable source', that the 'Pond Five' spent fuel rod storage complex has been leaking radioactive water through the floor ever since it recently went into operation.

Pond Five was launched by the prime minister last November, along with the new Site Ion Exchange Plant (SIPEX) as part of the effort to resuscitate BNFL's flagging public image. But the company only revealed it to be operational last week (4 February) after CORE first made their allegations.

While the company admit that there are 'some damp spots in the concrete — but this is what you would expect in the early stages of the plant', CORE says that there are cracks in the floor and that leaks are being caught in plastic buckets in the basement. They add that a haulage contractor working on Pond Five recently had to dump eleven tons of substandard concrete.

Pond Five can store spent fuel from Advanced Gas-Cooled Reactors, and as such is an important part of the whole Thermal Oxide Reprocessing Plant (THORP) scheduled to begin operating in 1991.

But the questions first raised over THORP's viability in the 1976 Windscale (as Sellafield then was) Inquiry have never really been answered. Last December the Commons all-party select committee on the environment disbanded before agreeing on a widely-leaked report which was to recommend scrapping THORP, as its main conclusion, unless the financial and employment consequences would prove too serious.

It's possible that BNFL are taking advantage of the delay in publication in order to commission a THORP-related plant which it would be difficult to scrap, should the committee recommend this. ●

# Sellafield's troubles alarm Dounreay fans

**TRADE UNIONISTS at the Dounreay nuclear plant on the north coast of Scotland are worried that the plan to build a new plutonium reprocessing plant there may be hampered by Sellafield's increasingly poor image. They regard last week's accident as a good reason for reinforcing their attempts to distance themselves from the Cumbrian reprocessing complex.**

One leading Dounreay trade unionist even joked that perhaps Sellafield should be shut down for a couple of months in order to avoid further accidents during the local public inquiry into the proposed new plant due to begin in April. 'They seem to be trying to improve their image, but it isn't working at all', he said.

Management and staff at Dounreay, which is run by the UK Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA), have always argued that their safety record is far better than Sellafield's, which is run by BNFL. Both the UKAEA and BNFL are involved in the planning application for the new plant.

However, internal health and safety reports recently released by the UKAEA in the run-up to the inquiry shed a slightly different light on Dounreay's record. They reveal that in 1980 there was an 'incident' which seems comparable to that at Sellafield. A faulty drainage connection in a reprocessing plant led to the leak of an aerosol contaminated with radioactive alpha particles causing the building to be evacuated. According to the 1980 report: 'The aerosol was very widely dispersed and illustrated the ventilation flow in the building very convincingly.'

The total number of 'radiological incidents' at Dounreay has increased from 70 in 1977 to 194 in 1984 in line with the rapidly growing amount of reprocessing work carried out in recent years. Over eight tonnes of plutonium fuel (from the prototype fast reactor) has been reprocessed since 1979, 2.33 tonnes of it over the last six months.

Meanwhile the Norwegian government has formally objected to the proposed new European fast reactor reprocessing plant. A spokesperson at the Norwegian embassy in London this week said his government had written to the Inquiry Reporter (inspector) Mr Alexander Bell expressing concern over the possible radioactive pollution of the North Sea fisheries and the increased risk of transport accidents. The Norwegian government was however unlikely to be represented at the inquiry.

Oddly, the released health and safety reports have had all the building numbers carefully whited out on the advice of the Authority's declassification office, although these are generally well known anyway. More bizarrely, one report discloses that a special exercise codenamed 'Sylvia' was carried out in 1984 to test procedures in the event of a major emergency. This apparently involved a 'simulated ministerial input' and was covered by 'simulated media representatives'.

Unfortunately the exercise does not seem to have greatly improved the industry's public relations skills. Last week they were roundly condemned by both their friends and their foes for repeatedly turning down invitations to attend a special seminar on the transport implications of the Dounreay proposal organised by the convention of Scottish Local Authorities.

**Rob Edwards**

# Ex-wave power supremo lands plum Dounreay job

*THE GOVERNMENT energy adviser who gave the decisive blow to wave energy has been promoted to a key position for the Dounreay inquiry. Mr Peter Davies, a top-level employee of the UK Atomic Energy Authority, has been appointed Dounreay's inquiry team leader. He was previously Programme Manager for the Wave Energy Steering Committee (WESC) based at Harwell, which was in charge of wave power research from 1975.*

*Some MPs speaking in the select committee for energy and the Commons debate on renewable energy sources, expressed surprise and scepticism at the existence, as neighbours, of rival groups exploring different energy sources with nuclear power as the employer and landlord. They will see Mr Davies's good luck as vindicating their stance.*

*WESC's final act was to publish* Wave Energy, *edited and principally written by Mr Davies. The key phrase was: 'There was only a low probability of any design (for wave power devices) achieving an energy cost below 8p/kWh in May 1982 money values.' That sentence meant it was out for ever.*

*After wave energy was sunk, Mr Davies was promoted to Senior Staff — the civil service equivalent of Assistant Secretary — with a salary of £25,000, £3,000 more than his former job. There is no suggestion that the prospect of promotion influenced his judgment. Indeed, he remains a vehement critic of wave energy, and particularly of those, such as the Norwegians, who say they are actually generating electricity at 3p-4p, cheaper than a unit generated by a new coal-fired power station.*

*The promotion highlights the folly of allocating research into alternatives to an organisation which advocated an established source of energy. The 'Energy Technology Support Unit', which supervised wave, wind, geothermal and other alternatives, was established under the auspices of the UKAEA, and was mostly staffed by people drawn from the nuclear energy establishment, with Dr Walter (now Lord) Marshall in attendance. If they appeared successful, atomic energy would be on the way out.* **David Ross**



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# Peace Protests Roll Call (24)

Total arrested in the UK and Eire since September 1981: 10,075

**Arrests to date by location**

**Molesworth USAF Base, Cambridgeshire** **7**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 2 arrested.
6.2.86 CND mass blockade of base to disrupt contractors' work which began this month. 5 arrested and will appear before Peterborough magistrates on 17 Feb charged under the military bylaws.

**RAF Bentwaters, Suffolk** **7**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 7 arrests. Four people previously arrested at Bentwaters on the September Snowball have to appear at Woodbridge magistrates' Court on 20 Feb. All are pleading not guilty.

**St Mawgan USAF Communication Centre, Cornwall** **25**
18-19.1.86. 25 arrested on National Snowball. Charged with cr. damage, all will appear before Newquay magistrates on 6 March. 91 year old Dora Russell took part in freezing gale force winds but did not cut the fence. She said she 'could not contemplate arrest at this time' as she 'had a number of things to do.'

**Capenhurst Uranium Enrichment Plant, Cheshire** **14**
18.1.86. 14 arrested after first stage of Capenhurst 'Snowball'. Two accepted cautions. 12 charged with cr. damage. Hearing at Chester magistrates at 10am on 11.2.86.

**Alconbury USAF Base, Cambridgeshire** **10**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 10 arrested and charged.

**Watton RAF Base, Norfolk** **3**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 3 arrested.

**Sculthorpe USAF Base, Norfolk** **27**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 27 arrested.

**Brawdy Submarine Tracking Station** **9**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 9 arrested.

**Menwith Hill NATO Communications Centre, W. Yorks** **13**
18-19.1.86. National Snowball. 13 arrested.

**Greenham Common, Berkshire** **2**
21.1.86. 2 women arrested when convoy returned to the base. Charged with criminal damage and one also charged with 'assault' on a policeman.

**ROC Bunker, Helsby Hill, Nr Norwich** **6**
27.10.85. 6 people charged with criminal damage to ROC bunker. Held for 34 hours. Damage amounted to £700. Final court hearing 27.2.86 at Norwich magistrates.

**Warrington Police Station, Cheshire**
28.1.86. Jan Sear found not guilty of 'violent behaviour in a police station' but was bound over in the sum of £100 to 'keep the peace' for 1 year. Jean Johnson was found guilty of obstruction and fined £75 with £75 costs. Both women were part of a peaceful non-violent protest in the police station where 3 women were complaining against being strip-searched after taking part in a Snowball action. Jean Johnson would very much appreciate help from peace groups and individuals to pay her fine as the entire family are in the peace movement and their fines at present total hundreds. Her husband is also likely to lose his job through NVDA peace activities. Please send donations to: Jean Johnson, 10 Pendle Close, Bacup, Lancs.

● Soviet 'Spetsnaz' wimmin ought to be pretty easy to pick out amongst the Greenham women if a Soviet military defector to the west is to be believed. NATO first began to take a serious interest in Spetsnaz following the publication of a book by Viktor Suvorov, a pseudonym used by a prominent Soviet Army officer who defected to the West. In it the author says that Spetsnaz are concealed in sports teams in peacetime. Boxing, wrestling, *shooting* and parachute jumping are the main sports they constantly practice—phew! not hockey—that lets Orange Gate's hockey team off the hook . . .

*Please send new information to* **Janey Hulme** *at the* New Statesman

# Thatcher's voters desert her en masse

**ALMOST HALF the people who recall voting Tory in 1983 think the government is dishonest, uncaring and untruthful, according to a poll of four marginal Tory seats.**

The survey was conducted in two constituencies where Labour is the clear challenger (Halifax and Coventry South-West) and two where the Alliance hope to win (Bath and Twickenham). It was carried out two weeks ago for BBC2's *Newsnight*. Altogether 2,445 electors were interviewed by students. The quota samples for each seat were based on 1981 census data.

As *Newsnight* reported on Monday, the poll finds the Tories losing all four seats, according to current voting intentions. In Halifax and Coventry they are currently running *third* behind both Labour and the Alliance.

One of the main reasons for the Tories' disastrous ratings is that only 40 per cent of people who recall voting Tory in 1983 think the government is honest, and just 38 per cent think it is caring.

Some caution should be used in interpreting these figures: people do not always remember accurately how they voted in the past. Nevertheless, as the tables show, Mrs Thatcher's ministers have a serious credibility problem among the people whose support they need to retain if they are to win next time.

*Q. Here are some qualities that people sometimes think that governments should have. Could you tell me whether or not the present government is:*

| | Con in 83 Yes % | No % |
|---|---|---|
| **Determined** | 94 | 4 |
| **Efficient** | 65 | 24 |
| **Honest** | 40 | 47 |
| **Caring** | 38 | 49 |
| **Truthful** | 35 | 48 |

*Q. Do you approve or disapprove of the way the government has handled:*

| | Con in '83 Approve % | Disapprove % |
|---|---|---|
| **Inflation** | 73 | 19 |
| **Trade Unions** | 71 | 17 |
| **Defence** | 63 | 24 |
| **Taxation** | 45 | 38 |
| **Health service** | 33 | 59 |
| **Education** | 30 | 59 |
| **Unemployment** | 27 | 59 |

**Peter Kellner**

# Longer bus queues on the way

**SWINGEING bus cuts seem inevitable in Britain's major cities as a result of government spending curbs following abolition of the metropolitan counties and the impact of the 1985 Transport Act.**

More than 7,000 bus workers are to be made redundant in the six English metropolitan county areas. The worst hit will be Manchester which will lose 3,000 bus workers. But South Yorkshire and Merseyside are looking for 1,600 and 1,500 redundancies.

West Yorkshire is planning a 10 per cent cut in bus services for April, as is neighbouring South Yorkshire. Merseyside is talking of scrapping up to a third of its buses and South Yorkshire's fares will rise by 225 per cent in April.

All six of the passenger transport authorities which will run the buses in the six areas after abolition have had their spending limits reduced by transport secretary Nicholas Ridley. South Yorkshire asked Ridley for £88 million; he allowed just £59 million. West Yorkshire wanted £72 million; Ridley only allowed £61 million — rejecting West Yorkshire's claims for more by comparing the county with Gloucestershire, where he lives.

Part of the problem is that five of the six counties have extensive British Rail services (Tyne and Wear runs its own metro). All have agreements with British Rail to subsidise the railways, and to give them, and are legally bound one year's notice to end this subsidy. Consequently, cuts which were not finalised by the government last month have to fall on the bus services. In Manchester, for example, the railway subsidy is £17.5 million — leaving only some £53 million for the buses.

The second problem is the 1985 Transport Act. So far it has had no effect. Since 6 January private bus operators have been able to compete with the city buses. Not one new operator has emerged. And the signs are that the Department of Transport is worried by the lack of response. It is writing to private operators to encourage them to start new services, and advertising heavily in the trade press.

A further round of cuts could well come later in the year. Under the 1985 Transport Act the cities' commercial services will have to be registered by the end of this month. The bus services which do not pay will then be put out to tender, with either the present city bus operator — the passenger transport executive — or other operators able to compete. Some services will not have any takers, and the city is unlikely to be able to afford to subsidise all the services it wants.

**Mick Hamer**



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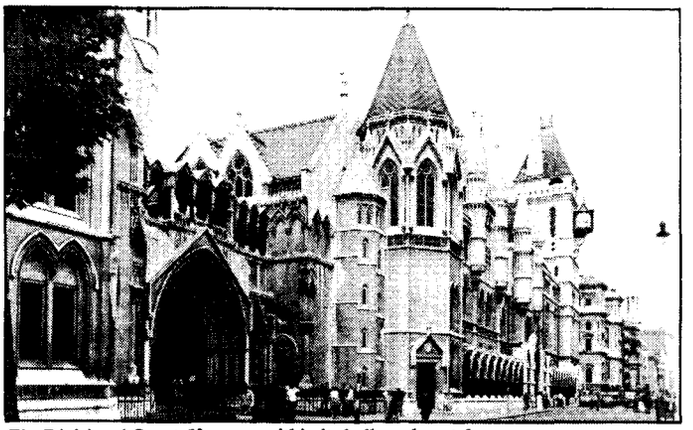
# Judges shrink from criticising government



**The Divisional Court. No more within its hallowed portals . . .**

**AN IMPORTANT change in judicial attitude, as shown by two recent cases, could have dire consequences for those with legal grievances against government.**

The effect of both is to restrict the right to judicial review. In one case the Divisional Court and the Court of Appeal refused to allow two would-be visitors to Britian — Taj Mohd Swati and Nasir Abbas Butt — to challenge, by means of judicial review, an immigration officer's decision to refuse them leave to enter the country. It was held that their proper remedy was an appeal under the 1971 Immigration Act from outside the country. In the past the courts have generally felt that judicial review is a more convenient remedy, and Home Office policy has been not to remove people while judicial reviews are pending. The procedure has become so important that in the first quarter of 1983, intending immigrants constituted half of the non-criminal judicial review casehold. In the first six months of 1985 there were 225 immigration cases.

Legally, the homeless are even worse off than immigrants. If a housing authority refuses to house them under the homelessness legislation they have no statutory right of appeal — leaving them only with judicial review. Now this is being eroded. In the other case — *Puhlhofer* — the House of Lords refused to upset Hillingdon's decision that a couple with two young children living in one room in a guest house without cooking facilities were not homeless, for they had accommodation within the meaning of the legislation. Since parliament had *not* provided an appeal, Lord Brightman, expressing the unanimous view of the court, said that whether or not a family had accommodation was for the housing authorities and not for the court. He went on to say that he thought it inappropriate for judicial review to be used to monitor the decisions of local authorities, except in exceptional circumstances.

The two cases, taken together, indicate the court's view that individuals have abused the system by bringing unwarranted claims. In fact the judicial review procedure is designed to filter out cases with no chance of success, since applicants must seek the court's permission before suing.

The decisions signal that judges are to become less willing to impose legal constraints on the administration. Lord Brightman's view that the courts should not be used to monitor authorities' actions is particularly worrying, since the purpose of judicial review is precisely to monitor the legality of government.

The administration will welcome the cases. For the rest of us they are a further reminder of the tenuous nature of our rights against government in the face of administrative convenience.

**Maurice Sunkin**

*Maurice Sunkin is a barrister and senior lecturer at the South Bank Polytechnic.*

# Police attacks not uncommon

**ALTHOUGH the police attack on five teenages in Islington received widespread media attention, such cases aren't especially rare.**

The Islington Crime Survey, conducted for the council by Middlesex Polytechnic's Centre for Criminology, shows that on average 320 assaults by police on the public occur in the borough each year. And although 21 per cent of residents believe the police often use excessive force in their duties, this rises to 36 per cent among young whites and 51 per cent among young blacks.

Many inner city youths are also wary of the judicial process. 25 per cent of white males and females and 70 per cent of black males and 51 per cent of black females under 25 said they would be unwilling to give evidence in court about youths robbing a man of his wallet.

**Trevor Jones and Jock Young**

# MISCELLANY

## Sheep trounces polecat

'Chopper Mike', Peter Walker and John Biffen may have thrown their hats in the ring at the Tebbitt Jugend rally last week, but dead and sheepish wins the race, as Aesop said. The bookmakers' favourite to be next Tory leader is Sir Geoffrey Howe. Through tactical brilliance or somnolence he kept his mouth shut during the Westland crisis, and thus shoots from fourth place at 10-1 in December to a chart-topping 9-4. December's new entry in the Ladbroke charts, Home Sec Douglas Hurd, is a climber from 7th to 4th, while Peter Walker and Norman Tebbitt slip to 2nd and 3rd. So much for Heseltine's bid for the top: he's chucked from 3rd place to a 10-1 outsider. The temperature of leader-fever can be gauged by the odds on 'all other contenders' shortening in panic from 25-1 to 10-1.

## Iranian own goal

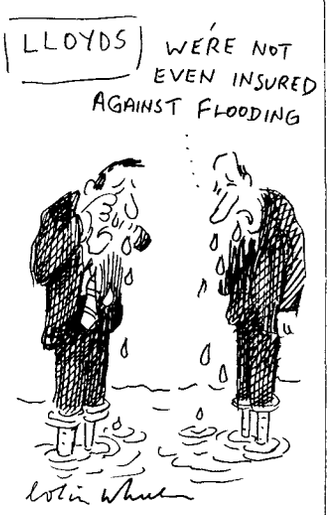
*All men kill the thing they love. The Iranian drop bombs on them, if recent events in the Gulf are anything to go by. The latest casualty of the Gulf shipping war is the good ship Avocet, 20,000 tons of crude carrier owned by Greek firm Troodos. It was hit last week by bombs from an unidentified helicopter gunship. But the suspicion is abroad that it was Iranian. Unfortunate if true, because Troodos have just landed the major contract for export of the oil vital to Iran's economy. This was a contract that Troodos went to extraordinary lengths to obtain, with two of their executives setting up house in Iran for several months at a stretch with the sole aim of wooing the government. Not surprisingly Troodos executives won't comment on any of these matters, retreating behind the delphic remark that, 'the Middle East is a very difficult place to do business, and we'd prefer not to talk about anything.'*

## Pay up or get out

'Non-economists get hung up . . . on the notion that a market solution means trafficking in human flesh.' The author is one of those laid back economists — Julian L Simon, adjunct scholar of the far-right 'Heritage Foundation', writing in the *New York Times*. The article says that it's high time we had a free market 'solution' to the 'problem' of immigration. Julian L isn't the first rightwinger to address this issue, but whereas most have suggested that immigration controls should simply be abolished, he takes a more hard headed view: the right to immigrate should be *sold off by auction*. All people who want to settle the US, he says, should submit written bids. The highest bidders would be given permission to enter. Wouldn't this cause a 'brain drain' from other countries? Well perhaps, but the US 'could easily compensate the losing countries.' Wouldn't it lead to only the richest getting in? Not at all, he says: you could let buyers 'enter now and pay later'. What if they didn't keep up the installments? That's easy: 'Failure to pay might result in deportation.'

## Exclusive! (probably)

*A lot of Lloyd's brokers were left crying into their soup last week after the shuttle disaster — and it wasn't just the human aspects of the tragedy that concerned them. For the institution that brought us city fraud has just dropped a massive financial clanger. Christa McCauliffe's life was insured at Lloyd's for $1 million, but*




*oh boy on what generous terms. Initially her policy carried the tiny premium of $1,000 — but lead underwriter Bert Stratton felt this to be undergenerous and reduced it to $700. (This, by the way, is almost certainly an exclusive piece of information: Stratton is being terribly secretive about it.) To put it another way, where before the policy could have borne 1,000 flights before affording the death of one person, it would now take a mere 1,400. The loss from the policy was fairly widely spread, but nonetheless those picking up the tab for Mr Stratton's largesse are a little peeved.*

## Serjeantgate

Another plea of 'misunderstanding' issues from Westminster. The Serjeant-at-Arms has replied to Chris Smith MP's request for an explanation of why one of his guests was 'verballed' by a policeperson for possessing a kitchen knife (*NS* 24 January). Police Officer No 1, it seems, 'misunderstood' a comment from the Security Officer that the guest 'had brought in similar items on a similar occasion', but when the mistake was discovered, Police Officer No 2 'saw you in New Palace Yard and apologised'. Got it? The important bit is that the Serjeant is 'very sorry', and says that 'no records are kept of those visiting the House as guests of members'.



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# SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

# NEW D NOTICE GAG

**A new extension to official censorship has been agreed by 10 editors and four Permanent Secretaries. The government's D Notice Committee has agreed to ask other journalists to curb their reporting of intelligence activities, nuclear weapons establishments, and contingency plans for the military takeover of civilian resources. The new Notices have just been circulated by the Ministry of Defence**

THE THREE amended D Notices, and an earlier alteration made in 1984, have extended the area in which journalists are asked to apply self censorship to cover:

- Details of military plans to take over hospitals, transport, food and fuel supplies, or conscript civilian labour; even if these resources are to be handed over to United States forces;
- Photographs or diagrams of the movement of nuclear weapons, which could include cruise missile convoys;
- Any photographs of intelligence agents, whether or not involved in domestic political surveillance.

Both the D Notice system and the Notices themselves have been widely criticised. When the *New Statesman* criticised the attempted wide reach of the system in 1980, the House of Commons Defence Committee held an inquiry and would have voted for the abolition of the system but for the last-minute attendance and voting of two Conservative MPs who did not listen to the evidence.

The Defence Committee inquiry nevertheless found that many newspapers disregarded D Notices. The then editor of the *Sunday Times*, Harry Evans, said that the system was 'an anachronism and counter-productive' and 'a massive irrelevance now'. Both the *Guardian* and the *Observer* had lost their D Notices. The editor of the *Spectator* had loyally burnt all of his Notices.

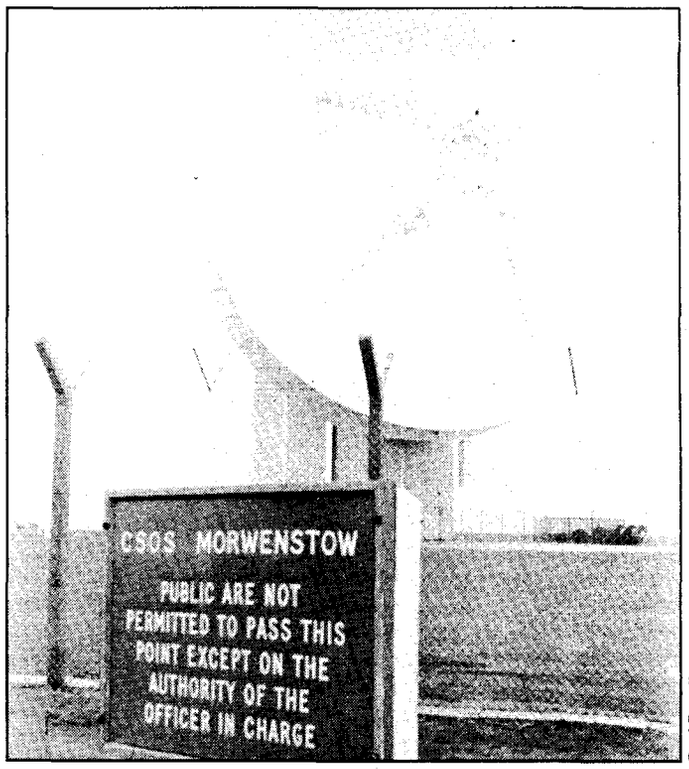
But the Defence Ministry has quietly been trying to rehabilitate the system. The D Notice on 'Defence Plans', last issued in 1982, now includes a ban on reporting 'plans for the allocation, handling and deployment . . . of civil resources in support of the Services to meet particular hostile situations, and other contingency plans'. The Secretary to the D Notice Committee, Major General Patrick Kay, confirmed that this would cover details of recent secret agreements with the US to allocate British civilians, hospitals and road and rail transport to the US during a war crisis — first revealed by the *New Statesman* (6 and 13 September 1985). General Kay agreed that these articles included material covered by the amended D Notice, but claimed that changes were planned earlier.

Another D Notice change requests editors not to publish photographs of people working for British intelligence agencies, because they could become terrorist targets. Kay agreed that this change *was* aimed at the *New Statesman*, and other papers such as the *Sunday Times*, who have recently published such pictures.

The third change was first made in May 1984. This asked editors not to publish pictures of nuclear weapons convoys or establishments involved in nuclear weapons production. This change also followed *New Statesman* reports of the movements of nuclear weapons by road convoy, to and through cities such as Glasgow, Carlisle, and Leicester.

D Notices have no legal force. Since 1968, no action has ever followed violation of the terms of a D Notice. Last year, for example, Yorkshire TV hired a huge mobile crane to peer over layers of ministry fences and film the inside of the Aldermaston nuclear weapons design centre and the Burghfield bomb factory. The film was transmitted in its recent documentary, *Britain's Bomb*, despite the D Notice.

Front bench defence spokespersons Denzil Davies (Labour) and Paddy Ashdown (Liberal) both condemned the move. It was, said Ashdown, another component of the government's 'prison of secrecy'. Both parties plan to end the D Notice system. ●




*Paul Broadhurst*

**Multinational intelligence in action. GCHQ's satellite spy station at Morwenstow near Bude, Cornwall, is jointly equipped, financed and run with the US. It intercepts messages from *Western* commercial satellites. Using tapping centres like Bude, GCHQ has, on behalf of the US, targetted and copied the private communications of prominent citizens, such as radical actress Jane Fonda and baby expert Dr Benjamin Spock, an anti-Vietnam War activist.**

# Global spy network exposed

**COMPLETE AND DETAILED organisational charts of the secret services in Britain, Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand, have been published together for the first time. A new book by American and Australian intelligence specialists, published last week, reveals and documents the extensive links between the intelligence agencies of the English-speaking powers — and highlights the dangers of these links to civil liberties and political accountability.***

The first major treaty, called BRUSA (Britain-USA) linked the electronic eavesdropping establishments in Britain and the United States during the Second World War. BRUSA was augmented by the secret 1947 agreement UKUSA, which binds the Sigint (signals intelligence) organisation of each country into a single global eavesdropping system.

Britain also controls a subsidiary Sigint organisation, also set up in 1947, and now called the Commonwealth Sigint organisation. In the 1950s, after the UKUSA agreement was signed, a further series of secret intelligence-sharing treaties, called AUSCANZUKUS (Australia-Canada-New Zealand-UK-US), were signed between the five countries. These include agreements to share codes and cyphers, as well as the results of old-fashioned human spying. The threat to cut off this massive secret exchange has often been used by civil servants in Britain and Australia to persuade new governments to temper defence or foreign policies thought to be unacceptable to the US.

The most dangerous aspect of these links is that the agencies, acting together, present 'a constant threat that [the international English-speaking security and intelligence community] might consider its interest to transcend those of any member nation. Judicial investigations of internal security agencies, which have taken place in each of the AUSCANZUKUS countries except Britain, have established evidence of serious lawbreaking by intelligence agencies.

Quoting from top secret Australian documents, whose publication the Australian government has repeatedly tried to suppress, the authors also reveal the workings of the top echelon of British intelligence. This is the Permanent Under Secretaries' Committee on Intelligence Services.

PSIS conducts and 'annual review of intelligence', and approves the future budgets and five-year plans for MI5, the Special Intelligence Service, GCHQ and the military intelligence services. PSIS's senior offical is the Co-ordinator of Intelligence in the Cabinet Office, whose other tasks include a duty to 'generally advise and encourage the intelligence community'. ●

* *The Ties that Bind*, Jeffery T Richelson and Desmond Ball. George Allen and Unwin, £19.95.



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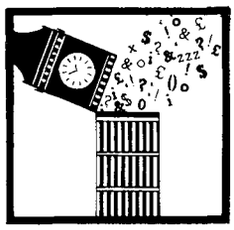

# Murdoch: the column *The Times* would not print

*AS READERS may know, I have written a fortnightly column for* The Times *for the past two years. When I was first approached to write the column Peter Stothard, the paper's features editor, explained that the slot — opposite the leader page — was the one place where 'BBC rules' applied: that is, where some conscious attempt was made to provide political balance. Anne Sofer of the SDP is Monday's columnist and two free market enthusiasts, Roger Scruton and Digby Anderson, write on alternate Tuesdays.*

*Until this week I have found it an interesting and usually congenial experience. Rupert Murdoch's decision, however, to sack his Sogat and NGA members and to herd his journalists into Wapping created a new situation. Rather than ignore it altogether or to surrender a left-of-centre outlet without a fight, I decided to write my column for this Wednesday's* Times *about Murdoch and the unions.*

*(I had once before written a column critical of my paymasters: last spring I argued that* The Times*'s coverage of its readership and circulation figures had been misleading. This column was held over for a week, but eventually published on the instructions of the then editor, the late Charles Douglas-Home.)*

*Last Sunday I told George Brock, editor of the 'Op Ed' page, of my intentions. He said the article would be judged 'on its merits'. When he saw it on Monday, however, his attitude was different. He made no criticism of the column's accuracy, structure, topicality or clarity. There was no way* The Times *would print my article or anything like it. Nor was there any point in showing it to* The Times*'s new editor, Charles Wilson. No article on the lines I had written could conceivably be published.*

*For senior* Times *journalists to fight for editorial freedoms and lose is one thing; not even to bother to fight is something else, something sadder and far worse. But such is the state of Murdoch's* Times *today. So we have parted company.*

*This is the column they did not print.*

THE LEFT has placed Rupert Murdoch in the dock. He stands indicted of attacking the rights of printers and journalists. There is a more serious charge for him to answer: that he has attacked the standards of the newspapers he has bought.

My union (and Labour Party) colleagues are acting as if they would like to return to the pre-Wapping days, pumping out what Murdoch wants to tell the world, but losing Wapping's barbed wire and its direct-input new technology. I agree about the barbed wire; otherwise I should rather keep the new technology and lose Murdoch.

In each of the three countries in which he operates Murdoch has been rumbled. In Australia in the mid-1970s he was condemned both by the Australian Press Council and by a number of his own journalists for distorting the news in order to help Malcolm Fraser's Liberals win power.

In 1980 the *Columbia Journalism Review* considered Murdoch's stewardship of the *New York Post*. It concluded that the paper turned 'white against black, the comfortable against the poor, the First World against the Third . . . The *New York Post* is no longer merely a journalistic problem. It is a social problem — a force for evil.'

Here in Britain Murdoch's experience of Press Council censure goes back to 1969, when he sought to revive the sales of the *News of the World* with Christine Keeler's revised account of her affair with John Profumo, the former War Minister, almost a decade earlier. More recently the Press Council roundly condemned the *Sun* for inventing an interview with the widow of a Falklands war hero.

Had these been isolated incidents, Murdoch could reasonably reply that everyone makes mistakes, so why pick on him? The answer is that they are not isolated

**PETER KELLNER**

events: they fit a pattern. Comments by the Australian Press Council and the *Columbia Journalism Review* apply equally to the *Sun*.

Yet Murdoch's empire has flourished. The awkward fact for those who condemn all that Murdoch stands for is this: from his earliest days in Britain until the last few weeks the unions who now oppose him offered him collaboration more than resistance.

The pre-Murdoch *Sun* supported the Labour Party. When the International Publishing Corporation decided to sell it in 1969 the print unions opposed an attempt to turn it into an independent non-profit-making pro-Labour daily. Murdoch was preferred because he seemed to offer the prospect of more jobs and higher pay.

In 1981, when the International Thomson Organisation sold Times Newspapers Ltd, there were strong grounds for referring the sale of the *Sunday Times* to the Monopolies Commission. John Biffen, the trade secretary, decided against referral and *Sunday Times* journalists embarked on a law-suit against Biffen.

The point at issue was whether the paper was a 'going concern'. If it was, then reference to the Monopolies Commission should have been automatic and Murdoch would probably have been denied the right to buy the *Sunday Times*. The journalists were advised by a senior partner in Cork Gully that they had an excellent case.

Their action was set down to be heard. Yet when they discovered the possible costs of pursuing their case, they dropped it. At this point it would have been open to the NGA, Sogat or any other interested party to take over or finance the action. None did.

Murdoch has spent the past five years turning the *Times* and *Sunday Times* into markedly more right-wing papers. That statement is meant as an observation rather than a criticism. In a way his papers have filled a gap: other papers have acted as tribal drum-beaters for the Tory Party; only the two Murdoch heavies have committed themselves to the ideology of the Thatcher government.

Besides, in the real world proprietors are always likely to give their papers the political slant they choose. But Murdoch has done more than exercise his 'owner's rights' over editorial direction. He has created an environment in which morale has sunk and a number of able journalists have left. (In the case of the *Sunday Times* many readers have noticed: its sales last year fell to their lowest since the mid-1960s.)

Should the journalists' and printers' unions fail to prise Murdoch out of Wapping, then the Left will need a longer-term strategy to cut him down to size. Lessons from the Murdoch era suggest some components of such a strategy:

- Work out a tougher anti-monopolies policy to be implemented by a future government, limiting each owner to one national daily and one national Sunday paper. Murdoch would then have to sell two of his four titles.

- Insist on legally binding union agreements, instead of fighting them. It was precisely because Murdoch's unions did not have such agreements that he was able to brush them aside so easily during the move to Wapping.

- Above all, embrace new technology. It costs less and needs fewer people to produce newspapers using the latest electronic equipment. This means that existing papers will employ fewer workers — but also that now, for the first time, the opportunities exist to enter the newspaper market relatively cheaply.

- Murdoch's empire would then face the most appropriate kind of challenge in a liberal democracy: from strong anti-trust laws and from people combining to create better papers. The old technology has seen the making of Murdoch's fortunes in Britain; whatever the immediate outcome of his present disputes, the new technology could eventually see his downfall. □



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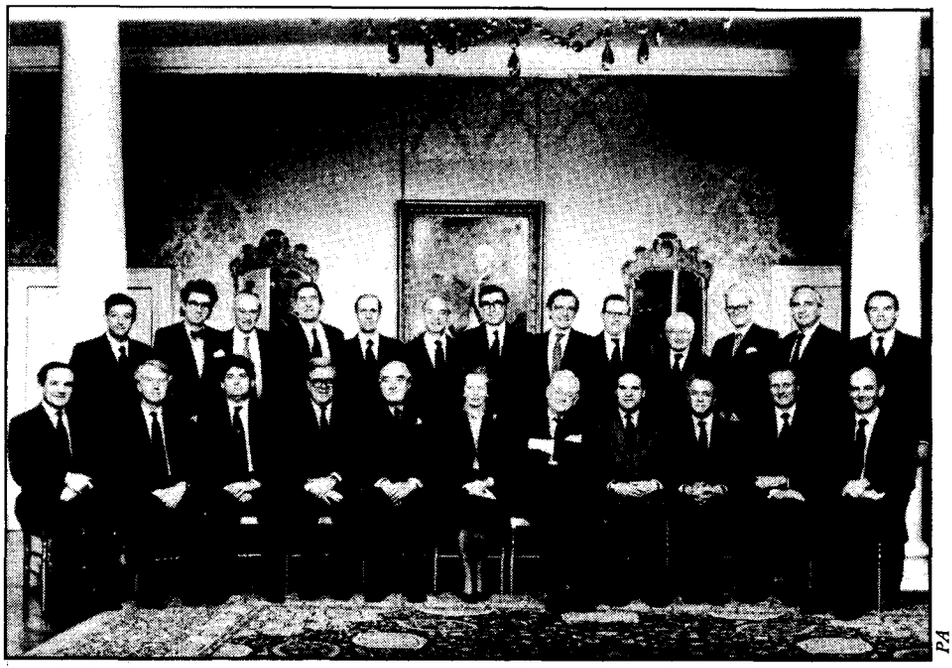
# THE DOCUMENT BENN COULDN'T DISCLOSE

*QUESTIONS OF Procedure for Ministers is the secret handbook on the internal workings of British government. Successive governments have fought to stop MPs and the public finding out about the document. When Tony Benn tried to discuss it at the Treasury and Civil Service Committee last month they had to go into secret session and exclude the public.*

*It is classified 'Confidential' which, on the official definitions, means that its release would be 'prejudicial in the interests of the nation'. It is the rule book by which each government since 1945 is supposed to have worked, yet it needs to be translated because its elegant phrases mask the real situation.*

*The first of these handbooks started life under the Attlee government, when it was two pages long. By 1976 it had grown to 132 paragraphs covering everything from the fact that it is impolite to keep the Queen waiting at meetings of the Privy Council to the rule that no foreign decorations can be accepted. As Jim Callaghan says in his introduction to the 1976 version (extracts from which are published here) 'The principles set down have evolved over many years and through successive Administrations.'*

*This illustrates the great principle of British government. Ministers when they win an election do not form a government. Instead they are allowed to join and take part in the already existing government apparatus. They take their place as part of the accepted machinery and agree to operate by the already laid down rules. CLIVE PONTING introduces extracts from* Questions of Procedure, *now laid before the British public for the first time ever by the* New Statesman, *in the belief that they have the right to know*



PA

**The Cabinet, February 1985 — prior to certain recent changes**

ALL MINISTERS when they join the government are handed, by their private secretaries, a copy of *Questions of Procedure for Ministers*; it is their introduction to the world of Whitehall. It is full of mandarin expressions like 'propriety', 'prudent', 'undesirable', 'appropriate' and 'discretion'. The document fits into the Whitehall myth that government works like a well-oiled machine with civil servants working selflessly to oil the cogs.

In this world Cabinet papers are circulated at least a week before a discussion, and never less than 48 hours beforehand. They are short and clearly laid out. Everybody who needs to be consulted will be consulted and will be at the meeting. Then after a quiet and rational discussion, carefully minuted by the secretary so that no dissent is recorded, a well-judged solution will emerge which can then be defended in public as the collective decision of the whole government.

The reality is very different. Papers are long, circulated just before the meeting, often not read by over-worked ministers, and the discussion will be rambling and inconclusive.

But the greatest of all the Whitehall myths is 'collective responsibility', achieved according to *Questions of Procedure* by the Cabinet and its committees. In practice major issues of policy do not appear regularly on the Cabinet agenda. Instead it is more a matter of discussing the weekly item on Parliamentary business and on foreign affairs and little else. Thatcher has carried this process even further. She prefers small committees or informal meetings with one or two ministers and a few officials and the number of formal Cabinet papers has fallen drastically since 1979.

Cabinet committees have a long history but really began to blossom under Clem Attlee and their growth has continued ever since. Apart from the major committees such as those on defence, economic policy, home policy and legislation, each government now sets up hundreds of ad hoc groups to discuss particular problems. Some committees are enormous — up to three-quarters of the Cabinet. Others, for example that on nuclear weapons policy, are small, at most four or five ministers.

*Questions of Procedure* says complacently that this is designed to buttress the idea of collective responsibility. The reality is again very different. Committees greatly increase the power of the Prime Minister who decides membership and therefore often the outcome. In 1979 a majority of the Cabinet were unsympathetic to monetarism and Thatcherite economics. But Thatcher was able to nominate her supporters to the Economic Policy Committee, take the crucial decisions there, and stop the Cabinet discussing the subject.

The key decisions are made in committees and small informal meetings and the Cabinet is left as a rubber stamp at the end of the process. The Prime Minister can also decide whether to allow discussion in Cabinet. As *Questions of Procedure* says, committee chairs can decide whether to allow an appeal to the Cabinet. Since the Prime Minister is in the chair at the key committees there is in effect no appeal. ▷



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# Cabinet Practice: Questions of Procedure for Ministers

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*Cabinet Committees*

The Cabinet is supported by a system of Ministerial Committees which has a two-fold purpose. First, it relieves the pressure on the Cabinet itself by settling as much business as possible at a lower level; or failing that, by clarifying the issues and defining the points of disagreement. Second, it buttresses the principle of collective responsibility of the Government by ensuring that, even though an important question may never reach the Cabinet itself, the decision will be fully considered and the final judgment will be sufficiently authoritative to ensure that the Government as a whole can be properly expected to accept responsibility for it.

When there is a conflict of interest between Departments, it should not be referred to the Cabinet until all other means of resolving it have been exhausted, including personal correspondence or discussions between the Ministers concerned. If the Ministerial Committee system is to function effectively, appeals to the Cabinet must clearly be infrequent and the Chairmen of Committees must be free to exercise their discretion in deciding whether to advise the Prime Minister to allow them. The Prime Minister will not entertain appeals to the Cabinet except after consultation with the Chairman of the Committee concerned. Departmental Ministers should normally attend in person meetings of Committees of which they are members or to which they are invited; unless a Minister can make it possible for his colleagues to discuss with him personally issues which he considers to be important, he cannot — except where his absence is due to factors outside his control — expect them to agree that he should have a right to appeal against their decision if it goes against him in his absence.

*Preparation of business for Cabinet and Cabinet Committees*

Proposals which involve expenditure or affect general financial policy should be discussed with the Treasury before they are submitted to the Cabinet or to a Ministerial Committee; and the results of those discussions together with the best possible estimate (or estimates, if the Department's figures cannot be reconciled with the Treasury's) of the cost to the Exchequer, should be indicated in the memorandum. Where proposals affect United Kingdom obligations or interests as members of the European Community this should be clearly explained; and where those obligations or interests are not affected this should be made clear. If the memorandum contains proposals which make demands on manpower or may give rise to problems of recruitment, these should be clearly stated after consultation with the Civil Service Department. Attention should also be drawn to any accommodation problems, after consultation with the Property Services Agency. No memorandum should be circulated to the Cabinet unless any legal implications which it raises have been cleared, or at least clarified, with the Law Officers. The Cabinet Office will not normally accept a memorandum for circulation to the Cabinet or a Ministerial Committee unless these steps have been taken.

These rules do not limit the right of Ministers to submit to the Cabinet memoranda setting out their views on general issues of policy.

Memoranda for the Cabinet and Committees of the Cabinet should be as clear and as brief as possible, not exceeding two pages at maximum. Time spent in making a memorandum short and clear will be saved many times over in reading and in discussion; and it is the duty of Ministers to ensure that this is done by personal scrutiny and, where necessary, revision of memoranda submitted to them by their officials. The model memorandum explains at the outset what the problem is, indicates briefly the relevant considerations, and concludes with a precise statement of the decisions sought. It is sometimes useful to include a summary of the main points brought out in the body of the memorandum, but such a summary should never exceed a few lines. Prefatory covering notes should be avoided. To facilitate reference in discussion, paragraphs should be numbered.

When a Minister wishes to raise a matter orally at the Cabinet, the Prime Minister's consent should be sought through the Secretary of the Cabinet.

*Cabinet Conclusions and Cabinet Committee Minutes*

The record of Cabinet and Cabinet Committee proceedings is limited to the decisions taken and such summary of the discussion as may be necessary for the guidance of those who have to take action on them. The Cabinet Office are under instructions to avoid, so far as practicable, recording the opinions expressed by particular Ministers. Matters of exceptional secrecy or political sensitivity may be recorded in a Limited Circulation Annex.

Any suggestions for amendment of Cabinet Conclusions or Cabinet Committee minutes must reach the Secretary not later than 24 hours after the circulation of the minutes.

*Reproduction, circulation and disposal of Cabinet documents*

Ministers relinquishing office should hand over to their successors those Cabinet documents which are required for current administration and should ensure that all others have been destroyed in accordance with the standing arrangements. A former Minister may at any time have access in the Cabinet Office to copies of Cabinet or Cabinet Committee papers issued to him while in office.

On a change of Government, the outgoing Prime Minister issues special instructions about the disposal of the Cabinet papers of his Administration.

Some Ministers have thought it wise to make provision in their Wills against the improper disposal of any official or Government documents which they might have retained in their possession by oversight.

*Collective responsibility*

Decisions reached by the Cabinet or Cabinet Committees are binding on all members of the Government. They are however normally announced and defended by the Minister concerned as his own decisions. There may be rare occasions when it is desirable to emphasise the importance of a decision by stating specifically that it is the decision of Her Majesty's Government. This, however, should be the exception rather than the rule.

It is important to avoid giving any indication of the manner in which the Minister has consulted his colleagues before any decision is announced. The principle of the collective responsibility of Ministers, upon the maintenance of which the Cabinet and Cabinet Committee system depends, requires opportunities for free and frank discussion between Ministers; the method adopted by Ministers for discussing among themselves questions of policy is essentially a domestic matter, and such discussion will be hampered if the processes by which it is carried on are laid bare. The growth of any general practice whereby decisions of the Cabinet or of Cabinet Committees were announced as such would lead to the embarrassing result that some decisions of government would be regarded as less authoritative than others; critics of a decision reached by a particular Committee could press for its review by some other Committee or by the Cabinet itself, thus impairing the constitutional right of individual Ministers to speak in the name of the Government as a whole.

It is therefore undesirable in principle to disclose the existence, composition and terms of reference of Cabinet Committees, and the identity of their Chairmen, since ill-informed speculation about the status and authority of individual Ministers and the validity of a Committee's decisions may well result, with consequent damage to the collective responsibility of the Government.

*Consultation of the Law Officers*

It is essential that the Law Officers should be consulted in good time before the Government are committed to critical decisions involving legal considerations. The categories of cases in which it will normally be appropriate to consult the Law Officers include the following:

(i) Cases in which the legal consequences of intended action by the Government might have important repercussions either in the foreign or in the domestic field.
(ii) Cases in which a Departmental Legal Adviser is in doubt concerning: (a) the legality or constitutional propriety of legislation which the Government propose to introduce; or (b) the vires of proposed subordinate legislation; or (c) the legality of proposed adminstrative action.
(iii) Cases in which Ministers, or their officials, wish to have the advice of the Law Officers on questions involving legal considerations, which are likely to come before the Cabinet or a Cabinet Committee.
(iv) Cases of particular legal difficulty which may raise political aspects of policy.
(v) Cases in which two or more Departments disagree on legal questions and wish to seek the views of the Law Officers.

By convention, written Opinions of the Law Officers are generally made available to succeeding Administrations unlike other Ministerial papers.

Ministers occasionally become engaged in legal proceedings primarily in their personal capacities but in circumstances which also involve their official responsibilities. In such cases they should consult the Law Officers before consulting their own solicitors, in order to allow the Law Officers to express a view on the handling of the case so far as the public interest is concerned or, if necessary, to take charge of the proceedings from the outset.

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In practice therefore 'collective responsibility' is virtually meaningless. Decisions are taken in small groups with only interested ministers present or a carefully selected group whose views are already well known. The rest of the Cabinet will find out what is going on, if they are lucky, at a Cabinet meeting just before an announcement, if not when the announcement is made. If they disagree they are left with the choice between keeping quiet or resigning. Most keep quiet.

*Questions of Procedure* stresses that the public must not find out that this is how the government really operates. 'The method adopted by ministers for discussing among themselves questions of policy is essentially a domestic matter.' Because of this 'it is undesirable in principle' that anything is said in public about committees since there might then be 'ill-informed' speculation about how decisions were made. This might even lead people to doubt that decisions really were agreed by the whole government and even worse they might doubt the wisdom of what had been done.

The real nature of Cabinet government has been cruelly exposed in the Westland affair. To readers of the Crossman and Castle *Diaries* this will have come as no surprise. The problem for Mrs Thatcher is that she has always tried to pretend that her government was different, unsordid and working only for the national good. Michael Heseltine's one achievement may have been to blow that particular ship out of the water.

The Thatcher government can now be seen as riven by internal dissent and with the machinery of government being manipulated to achieve predetermined results. At no time does there seem to have been any collective discussion of what government policy towards Westland should be. The Cabinet never discussed alternative papers from Leon Brittan and Michael Heseltine on the two rescue options as a basis for reaching a collective decision.

Instead there has been a series of small-scale meetings with important people excluded, Cabinet committee meetings abandoned when it looked as though the Prime Minister might not get a majority and a refusal to discuss issues in Cabinet. When they were discussed, dissent was not recorded in the minutes even after protests about their omission. At the end the Prime Minister tried to impose unity on a divided government by suggesting that all statements should be cleared with the Cabinet Secretary.

It is the figure of the Cabinet Secretary that lurks behind the elegant Whitehall drafting as the *eminence grise* of British government. The post was unknown until 1916 when the Royal Marine officer Maurice Hankey set up the modern system and there have only been five other occupants of the post since him. The Secretary does not do anything as demeaning as actually writing the minutes of meetings. Instead he is the supreme manipulator and fixer. For example, *Questions of Procedure* make it clear that if a minister wants to raise an issue in Cabinet he consults not the Prime Minister but the Secretary of the Cabinet. It is all a bit too close to Sir Humphrey for comfort.

The present incumbent, Sir Robert Armstrong, is a pillar of the establishment (educated at Eton) who has been at the top of Whitehall for years — he was private secretary to Ted Heath — and is widely disliked elsewhere in Whitehall. He is due to retire next year and his successor, assuming Thatcher survives that long, is likely to be Sir Clive Whitmore, the permanent Secretary at Defence and Thatcher's private secretary from 1979 to 1982. Both men are adept oilers of the Whitehall machine.

The Cabinet Secretary is best placed to observe how British government really works and the plotting and manoeuvring between political rivals that forms such a major part of life in Whitehall. At the same time Secretaries show their skill with words by drafting such a hypocritical document as *Questions of Procedure* that tries to pretend that everything is rational and well-ordered and that it is much better if the public never find out what is going on. □

**Next week:** Propriety and Security in the Conduct of Government Business and Political Impartiality of Civil Servants

GREENHAM WOMEN

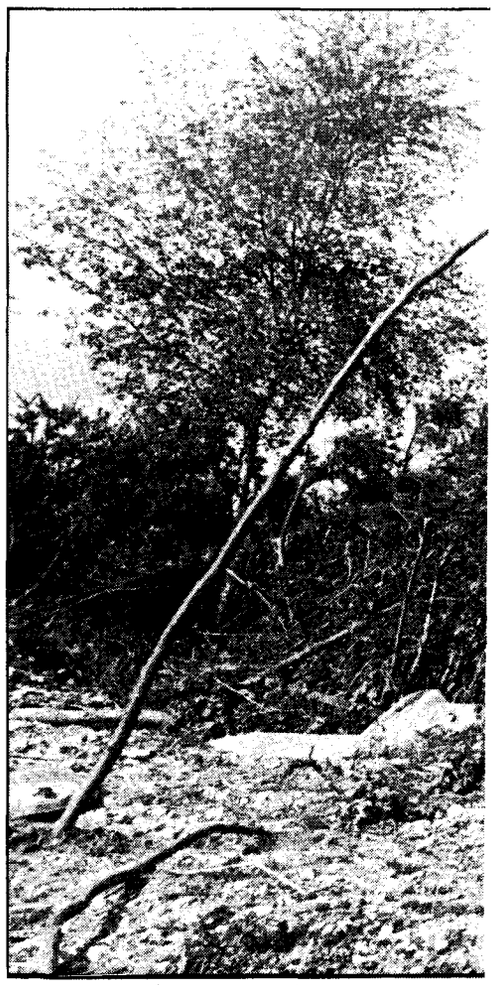
# OFFICIALDOM GRINDS THE PEACE CAMPS

**The deteriorating news-value of the Greenham women is exposing them to harassments which are escalating almost without comment, reports JOAN SMITH**

LAST JULY a cruise convoy returned from Salisbury Plain to Greenham Common. Several of the vehicles bore stickers which read: *Warning: We do not brake for CND.* When a member of Cruisewatch complained, the Ministry of Defence replied that the stickers they were 'totally unauthorised'. The MoD letter of explanation went on to say that 'their appearance may be attributed more to misplaced exuberance on the part of the individuals responsible than to any wilful disregard for the safety of road users acting in a lawful way'.

At about 11am on 27 August five US convoy support vehicles escorted by RAF motorcyclists left Blue Gate at Greenham Common. As the second US vehicle approached, several women from the peace camp at the gate went into the road to protest. They moved out of the way before it reached them. As the third vehicle came into view, they did the same. One woman moved back onto the verge to avoid it; another, Ann Harrower, was by now on the far side of the road, well out of its way.

Ann, and other women present, claim the third vehicle accelerated, swerved across the road, and knocked her down. She was taken to hospital with a broken leg, from which she has still not fully recovered.



**Attacks by the military, lack of interest by the media: Greenham women's numbers are dwindling rapidly**

Immediately after the incident, the MoD claimed Ann had been injured because she threw herself between the last two vehicles of the US convoy. Thames Valley Police investigated the circumstances, and decided against prosecuting anyone. 'The matter was comprehensively investigated', a police spokeswoman said this week. 'We sent the file of evidence to our force solicitors and, after reading the file in accordance with the Attorney General's guidelines, they decided there was insufficient evidence to prosecute'.

On 5 December, two American officers of the 501st Security Police Group at the Greenham Common base addressed a letter to 'All Personnel'. Lt Col David P Mills and CMSgt Wayne H Cox congratulated their men on 'another outstanding year'. 'As the year draws to a close we find ourselves reviewing and preparing documents that recount the many accomplishments of the unit', they wrote. 'It could not have happened without your support and dedication'. The group's achievements ranged from being selected 'Best SP Group in 3AF, USAFE and USAF for 1984' to being 'base champions in bowling, basketball and softball'. One of the other 'accomplishments' listed was that fact that 'we hit one peacewoman with a vehicle'.

There are two astonishing things about this sequence of events. One is that a US vehicle knocked down and injured a woman in front of witnesses, that no-one was prosecuted, and



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Pam Isherwood/Format

that senior American servicemen inside the base considered the incident something to boast about. (The fact that the authors of the 'all personnel' letter were later reprimanded proves only that the base commander recognised it as damaging in public relations terms.)

The other is the lack of attention the sequence has attracted. The injury to Ann Harrower was virtually ignored in the national press, one of the exceptions being a couple of paragraphs in the *Guardian*. The letter gloating about the incident surfaced only in the *Guardian* diary, not even meriting a news story. By contrast, the only story about Greenham to attract a great deal of attention in the last year has been the unsubstantiated claim in *Jane's Defence Weekly* last month that *Spetsnaz* agents have infiltrated the peace camps (challenged by the *New Statesman*, 24 January and 7 February).

Some of the reasons for this lack of interest are obvious. Much of the press is hostile to the women; for more fairminded papers, there is the problem of how you carry on reporting a story which has been in existence for four-and-a-half years. But the net effect is that a false impression is created about what is happening at Greenham. Far from being the case that everything is carrying on much as before, the peace camps are now facing major threats to their existence.

THERE IS PLENTY of evidence for this assertion. Evictions by Newbury district council have been considerably stepped up since Christmas; the women say they now take place up to five times a day. On the first Saturday in February, council bailiffs arrived at Blue Gate before eight o'clock in the morning, taking the women unawares — up to now, evictions have rarely taken place at weekends.

The women also say some of their personal possessions, which the bailiffs are not supposed to touch, have been crushed up in front of them in the dustbin vans the bailiffs bring with them. They even claim that on one occasion last month, a van given to them by a CND group was taken away from Blue Gate and crushed. There is also evidence that the district council is trying to deter visitors to the camps. One couple, who live well outside the Newbury area, have received a letter from the district council warning them they may face court action if their car is spotted again at Greenham Common. The letter, dated 23 December, says that the couple have been trespassing and contravening bye-laws by parking at Greenham and by delivering firewood to the women. The couple have never been in touch with the district council, and the letter arrived out of the blue; the inference is that their address was traced through their car registration number.

Even more significantly, a secret meeting took place last month at which district and county councils were urged to take legal action against the women by Anthony Meyer, chair of the local pressure group, RAGE (Ratepayers Against Greenham Encampments). Meyer claims to have spent £70,000 preparing the way for legal action against the women, a course the district council last attempted in 1983.

Participants in the meeting, which took place on 23 January, are cagey about who arranged it, who attended it, and what has come out of it. Mike Harris, Newbury district council's legal officer, described it as 'a meeting of local residents'. When asked whether representatives of the air base authorities were present, as reported in the local paper, he said: 'It was a private meeting'. A spokesman for Berkshire county council said this week that it 'started as an ad hoc meeting with local residents'. He added that it 'seems to be entirely capricious' as to whether it was arranged by the county or the district council.

But he did admit that, as a result of the meeting, the county council had undertaken to re-examine the legal situation. Harris, for the district council, said: 'The council always keeps the situation under review and will no doubt have another look at that'.

THE WOMEN OUTSIDE the base remain defiant; they say that court action has failed to dislodge them in the past, and will fail again. But new legal moves would come at a particularly bad time. The women admit their numbers have dwindled — when I visited two of the four remaining peace camps recently, only a dozen women were huddled around the fire at the main gate, and eight or so at Blue Gate.

Many of the regular peace campers are spending increasingly long periods away from the camp in prison, and the frequent evictions are dispiriting. More women are needed urgently, they say, especially on weekdays when the evictions are at their height. One of the problems they have to contend with is the accusation that since cruise was installed at the base, their presence has lost its point.

To some extent, the Greenham women are the authors of their own misfortune on this question. At the end of 1982, and in early 1983, a sizeable number of them believed they could prevent the deployment of cruise in Britain. Unrealistic as that claim always was, it has been used ever since as a stick to beat them with. It allows their real achievements, both symbolic and actual, to be overlooked — except by the base authorities, the MoD, and the local councils, whose persistent attempts to remove them are a significant recognition of the effect of their protest.

The women's opponents know they are a vitally important symbol of continuing resistance to the deployment of cruise missiles in this country. Their presence at the gates keeps cruise on the agenda, if not for the national press, then for the mass of people whose opposition to cruise draws strength from the women's determination. The existence of the camps also hampers the manoeuvres which cruise convoys are supposed to undertake along country lanes.

The women know the signs that cruise is about to come out, and are poised to tip off members of Cruisewatch, the organisation of peace protesters which tails the convoy. 'They think we've got a mole inside the base', one of the women at the main gate told me, 'but if you live here you get to recognise when a convoy is being prepared'. General Charles L Donnelly Jnr, commander of the American air force in Europe, admitted last year that protesters had reduced by 25 per cent the frequency with which cruise convoys are able to move outside the Greenham base.

What the women fear most is a further escalation of moves against them — they have been threatened with round-the-clock evictions — under cover of the lack of interest shown by the national media. 'We feel that since 1984 the news media have decided we've gone on too long', said one. 'What we could do with is a *Spetsnaz* story every week'. □

# This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please)

□ He said: 'While it is unfortunate that this man is living in a cave, in the inner cities there are people living in plastic bags and cardboard boxes. Are the local authorities supposed to rehouse them as well?' — *Hexham Courant* (I. Hopkins)

□ Two West Yorkshire Police officers who bundled a Halifax woman into a car boot and drove for a mile are to be disciplined. In a letter to 18-year-old Miss Simmons the Police Complaints Authority says 'the officers admit that they did place you in the boot of the police car for a short period.' — *Halifax Evening Courier* (T. Thomas)

□ Conservative-controlled North Yorkshire County Council is to charge children 1p for a pinch of salt with their school meals. — *The Times* (O. Hull)



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# THE PROTESTS RISE WITHIN THE EETPU

**Feeling is strengthening among the EETPU's own members that what happened in Wapping 'just isn't decent'. MARK HOLLINGSWORTH on the geographic spread of anti-Hammond criticism**

WE'VE DONE NOTHING wrong, nothing to be ashamed of, we've got answers for every criticism, leaders of the electricians' union were stoutly insisting last week. It took them just ten minutes this week to decide to abandon this stance and accept the TUC's strictures on organising the workforce at Fortress Wapping.

What the EETPU, the electricians' union, will actually do remains to be seen. But the public climb down by general secretary Eric Hammond is not a surprise. He has no desire to face the cold winds of a depressed economy outside the protection of the TUC. Not only are there several other unions who would be happy to pick up his members once they were no longer debarred from 'poaching' by the Bridlington agreement; a lot of his own members feel less and less loyalty to their union under the regime of Hammond and his predecessor, Frank Chapple.

Hammond's visionary speeches about facing up to new technology are all very well; they are small solace to the growing list of unemployed members thrown out of work by an old fashioned recession in the construction industry. For them, their union, through the medium of the Joint Industrial Board, has been a poor defender of their wages and work.

Despite the nervous caution with which protest meetings are organised, mainly by Flashlight, the Broad Left organisation, the EETPU's leaders cannot but know that a break-away union was discussed, must have logged the protest resolutions sent into the Executive Council by several branches. As one union member said: 'All this has happened not just because of Wapping but because of years of frustration with the leadership and executive.'

Anger is highest in Southampton where EETPU officials have acted as agents for News International. On Tuesday last week, over 150 electricians, printworkers and other trade unionists packed into Southampton Labour Club for a public meeting about the recuitment of workers for Murdoch. As the meeting progressed and the speakers provided detailed information about the secret operation, the mood changed from curiosity to one of anger and frustration. 'It was vitriolic' said one member. 'I've never been so ashamed of my own union' said another EETPU member afterwards.

According to many branch members, discontent with the leadership stretches from Glasgow to York across to Liverpool and Manchester down through the Midlands to

*Gerard Livett*

**With Murdoch as no 1 villain, Hammond has avoided too much close scrutiny of his role**

London and, of course, to Southampton. Television here has worked against the EETPU leaders. Brenda Dean, SOGAT's general secretary looks and sounds good, a reasonable woman. Fortress Wapping, with its searchlights and razer wire fence, doesn't. 'It reminded me of Northern Ireland' said one Liverpool member. 'Those pictures have had a big effect.' It has created great unease amongst quite ordinary union members, who reproach their EETPU colleagues. 'They feel that what's been happening is just not decent. Their dismay is not even based on union solidarity. It's based on what's right and wrong. That's where the strength of feeling lies,' said a branch official.

Manchester central branch passed a resolution condemning their Executive Council on 27 January and calling on EETPU members to withdraw from Wapping. Later that week York passed a resolution calling on the Executive to 'redress the shame placed on our union and commit the union once more to the basic trade union principles of solidarity with other workers.' Glasgow and Liverpool are holding Flashlight meetings this week, to discuss the outcome of the TUC decision, and a national meeting will be held in London at the end of the week. There will no longer be talk of a break-away but, said a Flashlight supporter, they will step up the long term political campaign to change the union's rules and policies.

SOUTHAMPTON MEMBERS have been trying to express their protest through the union's rules since last summer. Last July, shipyard electrician Bert Brown heard that a former managing director of a cleaning firm had been appointed by the EETPU as a recruiting officer for the union. The new employee was Stephen Seaman, the son of Vivienne Seaman, the secretary to Southampton area organiser Mick Scanlon. In September the Southampton branch sent a resolution to the Executive Council demanding that Stephen Seaman be dismissed and replaced by an unemployed member.

Southampton, like other areas, keeps a list of unemployed members who are supposed to be told first about any electricians' and plumbers' jobs going. At the next branch meeting, on 19 September — before the nature of the recruitment for News International was known — the branch passed a motion condemning the national EETPU leadership for not drawing on the unemployed register for the Wapping recruitment, and calling for an investigation into it.

Two months later, when news of the recruitment operation had circulated, Southampton members changed their line of attack. On 4 December they passed a resolution for Southampton Trades Council: 'This branch of the EETPU disassociates itself from the workforce employed by the Wapping press.' However, at the next branch meeting, on 19 December, full-time secretary Bill Luffman said he had been instructed by the Executive Council not to send the motion to the Trades Council because it was about an 'internal problem.' The members present responded by passing a resolution describing this decision as an infringement of free speech and expression.

The other branch in the Southampton area, Hythe, has written twice to the Executive Council asking for details of the Wapping recruitment. The branch has yet to receive a reply.

What safeguards the Executive Council's authority, and frustrates the dissident members, is the union's structure and rule-book. A radical challenge to Eric Hammond, for example, would be restricted by the Code of Conduct for elections, issued by the Executive in February 1980. Amongst other rules, the Executive lays down: 'No branch can invite a candidate, no candidate can visit plants, sites, or industrial committees to electioneer, no member or member's supporters can send circulars, leaflets or letters on his behalf. No candidate can give interviews to the press.'

Nor is there much freedom for members to meet between elections. In 1965 the elected area committees were abolished. All area officials are nationally appointed. A branch secretary cannot write to another branch without the permission of the Executive. A branch may not have read to it a circular which the Executive has not approved. As one branch official said: 'We have to put up with all this and yet there is all this outcry about undemocratic procedures in left-wing unions but no-one has picked up the fact that a lot of right-wing unions are far worse. There has been almost a conspiracy of silence to keep it out of the press.' □



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MEDIA

# How proper news becomes propaganda

**ANNE KARPF**

PUBLIC SERVICE broadcasting has a wholly virtuous ring, like evening classes in upholstery, or Jane Austen in braille. It instantly evokes a BBC which teaches us computers, literacy, and healthy eating, while drip-feeding us Shakespeare and Galsworthy. But is public service broadcasting as consensual and uncontroversial as all that — and should it be?

Tune in to a Radio 3 programme called *Six Continents* to see what goes on under the rubric of public service. On the face of it, nothing could be more publicly useful than this weekly BBC review of foreign broadcasts monitored by the BBC at Caversham, showing how other countries report the news, and how the news is variously defined.

But, while *Six Continents* often carries interesting and useful material, it's skewed by the way in which presenters Ian MacDougall and Angus McDermid often frame the material. Last week, for instance, McDermid commented that, after Challenger exploded, 'the Soviet government was among the first to send its condolences to President Reagan and the American people, but within 24 hours some sharp criticisms were being expressed by Kremlin *propagandists*. But first, the Voice of America seeking a *proper context* in which to place what had happened' (my italics). Then followed a Voice of America report about the 24 previous flights without technical problems. Thus McDermid established what was 'proper' and what was propaganda.

This isn't the first time that *Six Continents* has set about undermining the non-Pentagon view of Star Wars. In December, MacDougall was discussing the SDI 'which Moscow chooses to call Star Wars as often as possible, presumably to stress the word "wars" and underplay the defence aspect'. He commented that 'the Soviet Union's *own* defence programme is not mentioned. SDI is *invariably* presented as an aggressive project, while the Soviet proposal for a 50 per cent cut in missile launchers, as distinct from their warheads, is presented as greatly preferable, even though the Americans believe that such a cut would still leave the Russians with a huge land-based advantage'.

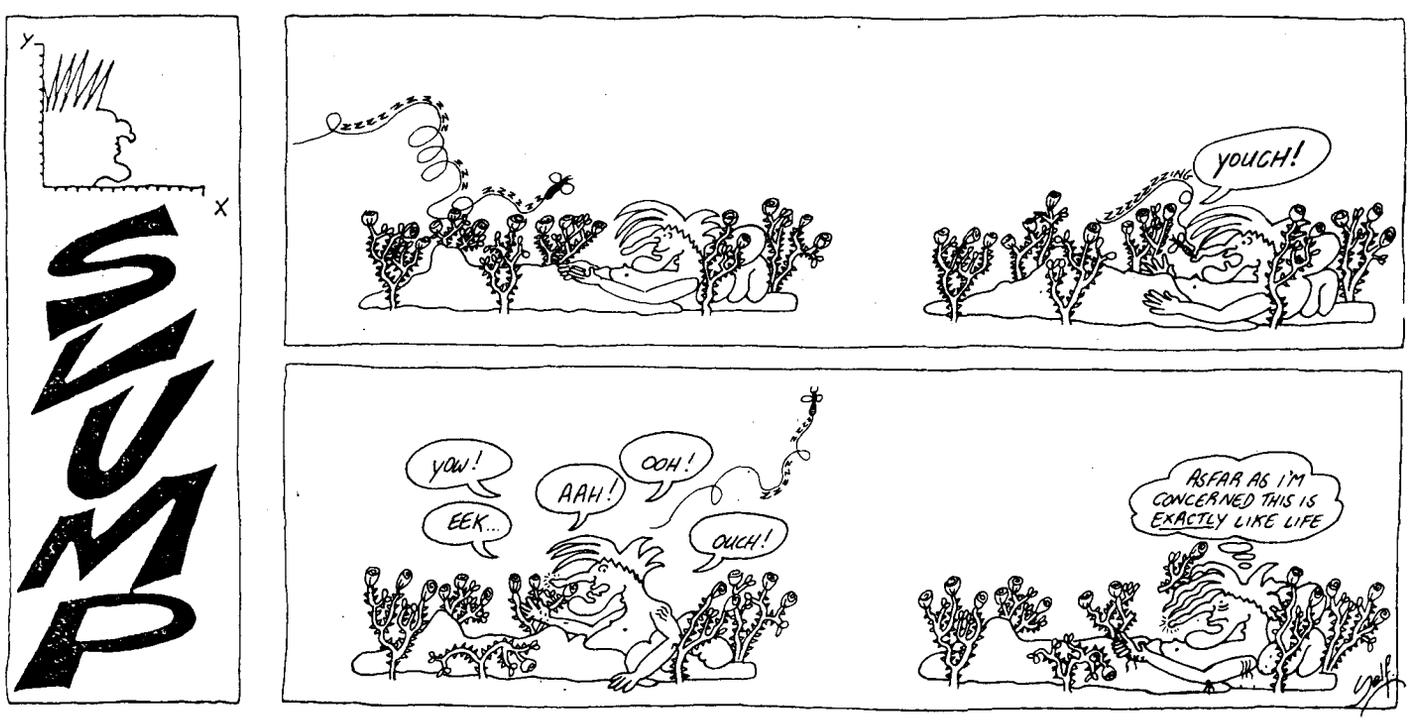
Here, beneath a veneer of balance and objectivity and all the English reasonableness of received pronunciation, is the voice of Washington. So am I complaining that the two McDs have opinions, or express a point of view? Of course not. The notion of value-free reporting went out, for many of us, with Gary Glitter. The problem with *Six Continents* is that they never come clean and admit that they don't believe all sides to be equal. They use one of the two competing ideologies they're apparently examining to comment on the other. They've obviously got to use some set of beliefs in order to make any comment at all, but wouldn't it be nice if they were upfront about it?

There's a similar disinclination to confront conflict explicitly in a new booklet, *The Public Service Idea in British Broadcasting — Main Principles*, just published by the Broadcasting Research Unit at the British Film Institute. Another salvo fired at the Peacock Committee, it usefully gathers together all the arguments — and more — against ads and in favour of the licence-fee. What's wrong with it is its very 1930s consensual view of British society.

It talks of the public sphere as 'an arena of debate governed by rules of rational discourse, that is to say access to full information by all participants and resolution of disagreement on the basis of evidence and logical argument rather than differential force'. Ah yes, the Britain of Margaret Thatcher we know so well. While acknowledging that broadcasting needs to reflect 'the quarrel of our society with itself', and that much of the booklet sounds like an 'ideal type', it never really engages with broadcasting and conflicts of interest — perhaps because there was little between the contributors to this report, 11 men and one women, all white and powerful.

Public service broadcasting, in its real sense, is provocative and dangerous stuff. It airs dissenting and critical ideas, far from the rhetoric of universalism. It dwells — or, rather should dwell — in the fissures and fractures of our society, rather than trying to forge an ersatz nationhood and national culture (all of us hunched round the box watching the Royal Wedding). That's far from public service broadcasting as we know it.

Postscript: There's a mini debate raging in the letters page of the *Radio Times*, after a listener complained that the 'rain in Spain' plummy received pronunciation of Radio 3 announcers alienated Brummies, Glaswegians, and others. Replied the Radio 3 Presentation Editor, 'There's no class bias on Radio 3. The rich mix of music, drama, poetry, science and documentary is classless — so are the voices, so is received pronunciation, which doesn't take sides'. It's those Broadcasting House propagandists at it again. □



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# DIARY

## Alison Hennegan

*Cambridge, Thursday*

Ugly scenes in Trafalgar Square today when angry members of the public attacked the convoy of security vans removing paintings from the National Gallery and taking them on the first leg of their journey to their new owners, the New York Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art and the Hermitage. Apparently the French put in a bid for the Monets but Mrs Thatcher is reputed to have said she was damned if she'd ever do the Frogs a favour even for money up front. Put like that it sounds unlikely, but I suppose even she might believe there really are some things that money just can't buy.

It looks very much as though the National Gallery operation (Code name: 'Blue Boys') was carefully leaked in order to divert attention from the British Museum which the Elgin Marbles, carefully crated, left this morning, bound at last for Athens, Georgia, where Nikos Alexis Sardanapolou III is to incorporate them in a family memorial to Nikos Alexis Sardanapolou I and II.

○

*Friday*

Utter chaos around these islands today. Hovercraft, fishing trawlers, channel ferries, heroin smugglers and the QE2 have all been unable to reach the shore. Apparently British coastal waters have been sold to a multi-national consortium made up of geologists, marine botanists, fishing clubs, seaweed processors, marina owners and the Daughters of the American Revolution who've bought Plymouth.

○

*Saturday*

News from the airports is no better, either. It seems that the Department of the Environment has been secretly selling airspace but some twit in the Sales Department got confused and started selling it in vertical strips, which is all right for harriers, helicopters and hot-air balloons but damn all use for anything else. Another ministerial resignation on the way, I suppose.

○

*Sunday*

The Dean of St Paul's, the Bishop of Durham and the Archbishop of Canterbury all found themselves barred out of their respective cathedrals this morning on their way to celebrate early communion. Apparently the buildings are all under offer to the Vatican. It's rumoured that Princess Michael of Kent has flown, at the Queen's request, to Rome in the hope of sorting something out with His Holiness. An official Palace leak confirms that Mrs Thatcher was indeed kept standing for the whole of today's pretty tetchy five-and-a-half-hour interview demanded by HM (*Fid. Def.*). It seems that Mrs T claimed that her rapidly deteriorating vision had prevented her from seeing the small print in the 1534 Act of Supremacy. Rather weak, I thought.

○

*Monday*

In a desperately transparent endeavour to deflect the mounting discontent, Mrs Thatcher — misguidedly, in my view — announced this morning that she has succeeded in securing the next Olympics for the London Docklands. South Korea has waived its rights which, naturally, in these unprincipled days simply adds to the intelligent citizen's unease. Waived them in exchange for *what*, one must, unfortunately, ask.

I can't say that spirits are noticeably lightened by the news. The prospect of watching the world's finest pole vaulters hurtle dizzily over the barbed wire of Rupert Murdoch's Wapping seems to leave most of us unmoved.

○

*Tuesday*

Fury mingled with disbelief as fresh government decisions are revealed. The Vale of the White Horse and the Cerne Abbas man have been sold. The White Horse is to be re-cut as the White House, flanked by profiles of Ronald and Nancy, and the Cerne Abbas man is to be remodelled as Sylvester Stallone in the role of Rambo. The future of Stonehenge remains unclear.

And the evening news brings yet more shocks. The Yeoman of the Guard have successfully repelled an attempt to take possession of the Crown Jewels. A somewhat dishevelled Treasury official eventually admitted defeat and left, still clutching his 'authorization' — three syntactically ambiguous lines, poorly typed on a sheet obviously torn from a telephone message pad. The printed words 'While you were out — called' were, said a triumphant Yeoman, clearly visible. The signature was illegible. Sir Geoffrey Howe, questioned this afternoon in the House, denied all knowledge and said it

must have happened while he was out.

○

*Wednesday*

News of another interdepartmental blunder today. A Senior Representative of Wimpey Houses turned up on Mrs T's doorstep this morning. It seems that Number 10 was offered recently as part of a package of 'Government buildings, various', and Wimpey outbid Barrett's, the only other serious contenders. If Barrett's bid had succeeded Mrs T could probably have negotiated a simple swap but Wimpey are obviously pretty sore about the Dulwich business and in no mood to do the PM any favours. There might be a bit of space at Wapping, I suppose. I daresay Murdoch would let her squat there for a bit.

○

*Thursday*

Stunned MPs learned today that the Houses of Parliament have been sold to an as yet unnamed Emergent Nation. Dismantling and packing begin next week. Discreetly worded advertisements, inviting tenders, have apparently been appearing in shippers' trade journals for the past three months. A spokesman for the successful firm said 'We realize this is a sensitive subject for many people, but I'm sure everyone can appreciate that, leaving politics aside for a moment, this is a very proud day for us. Jobs like this don't turn up every week.'

But where are the MPs to go? According to one particularly persistent rumour which even I find hard to swallow, it's not really going to be a problem. They say the government's been putting out feelers to see if any slightly wobbly military dictatorship which feels it might be expedient to stage a carefully controlled 'return' to parliamentary democracy would be interested in buying a job lot of assorted Opposition MPs, guaranteed vocal but ultimately ineffective. *Can* I believe that of her? Well, can I?

○

*Thursday night*

I really feel quite depressed. According to a Late Night Newsflash, Mrs Thatcher has spent the last six months desperately trying to find a buyer in the world's markets for The British Way of Life. And do you know, there hasn't been a single taker, not one.

# ROGER WODDIS

## Call of the wild

*In his speech to the Young Conservatives in Blackpool Michael Heseltine called for 'caring capitalism'*

There was a politician once
Who swung from tree to tree;
To pull the crowd he sang out loud,
But not in harmony.
And this the burden of his song
Was clearly meant to be:
'I care for everyone — barring one
Who isn't my cup of T.'

He loved the poor and showed the door
To those with cash to burn,
For furthering his own career
Was not his main concern.
No other rival had more heart
Or cared as much as he —
'And I will answer my party's call,
Whenever they send for me.'



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**ROD PRINCE charts the 14 years of Baby Doc Duvalier's Haitian misrule: a tyranny propped up, pushed around and pandered to by the demands of successive US Administrations**

Camera Press

# FINAL FLIGHT FOR PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

WHEN JEAN-CLAUDE Duvalier finally slipped out of Haiti last Friday aboard a United States military transport aircraft, he left a nation in economic ruins and with no functioning political institutions. The scale of the problems facing the post-Duvalier administration is colossal — and impacts equally on the US government, which for years has supplied the Duvalier regime — father and son — with overall political support and the bulk of its economic aid.

There has been no proper explanation of the remarkable display of incompetence, as a result of which the White House announced his departure on 31 January, a week before it happened. The widespread belief is that US officials had completed arrangements for Duvalier to be flown into exile, but that a last-minute hitch was responsible for the premature announcement.

In the week that followed, US Secretary of State George Shultz called for a democratically elected government in Haiti. It was reported that three of the main US-owned assembly industries were planning to withdraw from the country. Washington had earlier announced the suspension of half this year's $53 million aid allocation. The open withdrawal of US support indicated clearly enough that time had run out for the President-for-Life.

Ambiguity had been a constant undercurrent in US dealings with Haiti throughout the Duvalier years. When Francois Duvalier (Papa Doc) was first elected President in 1957, he was initially welcomed by Washington as likely to pursue a pro-US policy and bring honesty and order to the administration and finances. In 1959, the US government gave him political and financial backing to counter an opposition coalition movement, while conceding that his regime had 'faults' and 'shortcomings'. The *New York Times* reported that US officials did not regard Duvalier as a 'dictator of the same stripe as Generalissimo Trujillo' in the next-door Dominican Republic. 'Dr Duvalier is believed here to be honest,' it added.

Duvalier was seen as a bulwark against a supposed Cuban-backed revolutionary threat to the Caribbean. By 1961, however, disillusionment set in. The US started to reconsider its support for Duvalier because of the ferocity of his repression against real or imaginary opponents — and because of the quantity of US aid being diverted into Duvalier supporters' pockets.

In 1963, the Kennedy Administration made a clumsy attempt to overthrow Duvalier, which misfired badly. The dictator, annoucing in a fiery public speech that 'I don't take orders or dictates from anybody no matter where they come from . . . No foreigner is going to tell me what to do,' resisted the US pressure to go into exile and counter-attacked by demanding and obtaining the withdrawal of the US ambassador and military training mission. On 1 April, 1964, he proclaimed himself President-for-Life.

With Papa Doc's power unchallenged and all opposition crushed, US-Haitian relations remained chilly until his death in April 1971. Then the charade resumed. His 19-year-old son Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) made the necessary gestures to ensure the resumption of US economic aid and political support — and even military assistance, which had been embargoed since 1963.

Apparently more pliable than his ferocious father, he was praised for 'reducing' the scope of the terror practised by the security forces, and for allowing periods of relative 'liberalisation' in which independent papers and radio stations were given some margin to operate. In 1977, at the height of President Carter's 'human rights' campaign, Duvalier freed 105 political prisoners to mark the 20th anniversary of the dynasty.

Such outbreaks of 'liberalism' were inevitably followed by periods of reaction in which the regime, fearful that things were getting out of hand, moved in to clamp down on the media and to arrest, torture and exile opponents. Meanwhile, on the economic front, a continuous struggle was going on between the government and the World Bank and other international funding agencies, which were demanding reforms in the corrupt and ramshackle system of Haitian financial management. Constant cabinet reshuffles marked the shifting fortunes of the different Duvalierist factions in the endless power struggle around the President. ▷



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The dilemma for the US government throughout the 14 years of Baby Doc's rule has been to reconcile conflicting objectives and pressures. The over-riding priority, as affirmed by the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1982, has been to maintain 'friendly relations with Duvalier's non-communist government'. This involved putting continuous pressure on the regime to moderate its human rights image, reduce the scale of financial corruption and introduce token political reforms.

These efforts were necessary, partly to get Haiti closer to the kind of institutional structure in which foreign business could operate, partly to protect the US Administration itself from the charge that it was propping up one of the hemisphere's most unsavoury dictatorships.

The problem was that there was a large element of bluff in the US position, since the aid continued to flow despite the threats to cut it off; the Duvaliers exploited their strong bargaining position to the full, and the negotiations were long and complex. Eventually, however, the pressure told against the regime; the political reforms announced in mid-1985, though largely without substance, opened up a chink for opponents of the dictatorship. An increasingly outspoken Roman Catholic church gave more confidence to those speaking out against the country's misery and stagnation, as Duvalier and the hardliners were forced more and more onto the defensive.

A turning-point was the sacking of the interior and defence minister, Roger Lafontant, last September. Lafontant, who had the allegiance of the paramilitary Volontaires de la Securité Nationale — better known as the Tontons Macoutes — had been responsible for the arrest of opposition figures and banning of publications critical of the regime. His dismissal and subsequent exile were followed by reports of disaffection among the Tontons Macoutes, who were the foundation of the Duvalier system's security control. Two further cabinet reshuffles before the end of the year were vivid evidence of the Duvaliers' disarray.

The last few days' events have revealed all the years of pent-up hatred for the Duvaliers. The new military-civilian administration, which contains some old Duvalierists, will have to work hard to reassure the people that democracy is on the way. Much will depend on whether the leaders of the fledgling political parties can work together and avoid factional and personal conflicts.

For the US, doubtless relieved Duvalier fell before the country slid into total instability, intervention remains an option, if the military-civilian council cannot keep control.

Washington's anxieties may have been allayed by the absence of any organised left-wing parties in Haiti. But a replay of 1915, when US Marines occupied the country after President Vilbrun Guillaume Sam was torn apart by a crowd for killing 167 political prisoners, is always possible. That time, the US occupation lasted almost 20 years. □

*Rod Prince's new book* Haiti: Family Business *is published by Latin American Bureau, 1 Amwell St, London EC1R 1UL, £3.50*

REALPOLITIK

# HOWE STAYS SILENT ON TORTURE

**Turgat Ozal's invitation here next week shows how defence and commercial considerations take priority over human rights abuses, reports KEVIN WATKINS**

AT A GOVERNMENT reception in Ankara last February, Sir Geoffrey Howe eulogised the Turkish military and his host, Prime Minister Turgut Ozal, for their success in moving Turkey towards parliamentary democracy and economic stability.

True, as he conceded after his return, freedoms of expression and political association remained restricted by Western European standards. True, even, that much of the country remained under martial law. But if Turkey were to avoid a return to the traumatic events which preceded the September 1980 coup, when political terrorism was claiming some 20 lives every day, the process of liberalisation would have to be slow and tightly controlled.

Sir Geoffrey's supine response to the violation of human rights in a 'friendly country' was hardly a new departure. But, since he was referring to a state with some 20,000 political prisoners, where 1,477 trade unionists were on trial (78 of them facing the death penalty) for their membership of an independent federation, where 23 peace activists were facing prison sentences of between 5 and 10 years, and where there was overwhelming evidence, compiled by Amnesty and other human rights bodies, of widespread and systematic torture, his remarks might have been expected to arouse some mildly critical comment in the British media. Instead, and in sharp contrast to the coverage of his visit to Czechoslovakia some days earlier, there was the familiar veil of silence which has surrounded Turkish affairs for the past five-and-a-half-years.

An important factor has been the success of Turkey's principal allies within NATO — the British, West German and US governments — in persuading western public opinion that (*pace* the European Convention on Human Rights) normal democratic standards cannot be applied in Turkey. This argument has been enthusiastically endorsed by the regime in Ankara and backed up by a massive public relations campaign conducted through Turkish embassies and sympathetic parliamentarians in Europe, such as the Anglo-Turkish Parliamentary Group, chaired by Conservative MP Jim Spicer.

In effect, the British media have swallowed the public relations case wholesale and regurgitated a contemporary variant of

Camera Press

**Prime Minister Ozal: business on offer**

Orientalist mythology — what one Turkish journalist has aptly described as the concept of a *democracy à la turque*.

There is the oft-repeated contention that the elections of 1983 which brought the Prime Minister's hastily constructed Motherland Party to power and the municipal elections of March 1984 restored Turkey to the path of civilian democracy. This was the position adopted, despite the investigations of its own Legal and Political Affairs Committees, by the Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe when it re-admitted the Turkish delegation in May 1984.

Last December, the five European countries (Denmark, France, Sweden, Holland and Norway) which brought a case against Turkey in 1982 for its contravention of seven articles of the European Convention on Human Rights reached a similar conclusion. Having received assurances from Ankara that there would be continued improvements in the human rights situation, the plaintiff states concluded a 'friendly settlement' and conditionally dropped charges.

According to Amnesty there has been no marked reduction in the practice of torture or other human rights violations such as imprisonment without trial. Political prisoners continue to be brought before military tribunals to face retrospective charges, which have effectively criminalised all forms of political opposition. Although the defendants in the DISK trade union trials have been released on bail and the capital offence charges dropped, 62 of the defendants face prison sentences of between 10 and 20 years, while the union remains banned and its assets confiscated.

Last December, the martial law authorities in Istanbul announced that the outrageous four-year-old case against the original Turkish Peace Association defendants would go to a retrial. Meanwhile, charges were brought against another 48 TPA founding members (including most of the defence lawyers from the first trial) and investigations ordered into the affairs of 153 rank-and-file TPA supporters *after* Ozal's election.



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While it is true that there has been some liberalisation of political activity since November 1983 it has taken place within very tightly controlled limits. The constitution imposed by the junta in 1982 has given the military high command sweeping powers over the political and cultural life of the country which it shows no sign of relinquishing.

The second element in the public relations case for Ozal has emphasised the need to weigh continued human rights violations against the stability of what one prominent Reaganite has described as 'the anchor of NATO's vulnerable south-eastern flank.' When you ask how Jim Spicer and the Anglo-Turkish Parliamentary Group justified support for a NATO member state with Turkey's lamentable human rights record, you are bluntly informed that the British public had to be made to realise that 'political stability in an area of vital concern to the NATO alliance is more important than a few Turks being kneed in the balls in prison.' Shorn of diplomatic niceties, this has been the British and American position throughout.

THE SEPTEMBER 1980 coup that brought Ozal to power was warmly welcomed in Washington. As Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger announced during a visit to Turkey in December 1981: 'The Turkish military government has fulfilled our highest expectations since assuming power. We particularly admire the way in which law and order have been restored.'

Perhaps the most important development since the coup, however, has been the rapid development of NATO's nuclear warfare capability on Turkish soil. According to a report published in 1983 by the Headquarters of US forces in Europe, the US nuclear weapons mission in Turkey was put into 'an aggressive growth stage' after the coup. Currently some 500 nuclear warheads are stored at four separate sites in Turkey, 300 of them bombs for aircraft. Since 1980, the number of US combat aircraft in Turkey has doubled, from 18 to 36.

Under Article IV of the 1980 Defence Co-operation Agreement with the US, the Americans undertook to facilitate the rapid development of a weapons industry and modernisation of Turkey's armed forces through joint investment projects. In December 1981, in the course of a Weinberger visit, a high level Joint Defence Council was established to co-ordinate the activities of private Turkish and US corporations in projects determined jointly by the Turkish military and NATO and supported by the $750m US aid budget.

The most spectacular of these joint investment venture to date, the production of 150 F16 fighter jets and G100 engines by the Turkish Aircraft Corporation under licence from General Dynamics and General Electrics, was concluded shortly before Ozal's election in 1983. One spin-off effect of the massive $4.2 billion investment in the F16 project — the largest single investment in Turkish industrial history — has been the development of a weapons-related electronics industry through a company owned jointly by the Turkish Air Force Foundation (THKGV) and the American company Aydin.

British firms have been queueing up to take advantage of this rapidly expanding market for military equipment. Among the most significant meetings that Ozal is expected to hold during his visit are those with British Aerospace, Plessey and GEC-Marconi, whose chair, former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Jim Prior, has already visited Turkey. Apart from the prospect of more sales of Aerospace's Rapier missiles (73 of which have already been sold since 1983), talks are expected to advance on a contract for 40 Tornado aircraft and Alarm and Sea Eagle air-to-air missile systems.

For his part, Ozal is anxious to promote British private investment in Turkey and to persuade the British government to step up its efforts to have the $600 million EEC aid embargo rescinded. Last October, despite the opposition of conservative MEPs, the European Parliament confirmed its decision to 'freeze' the Association Agreement with Turkey until there was concrete evidence that the human rights situation had improved. □

USA

# MISSING DOCUMENTS IN SPY CASE

**A Defense Department official, Stephen Bryen, may be investigated again for his Israeli connections reports CLAUDIA WRIGHT**

*Washington*

BRYEN is in charge of safeguarding the export of US arms and military technology from smuggling and illegal diversion to US enemies. Appointed to his post in 1981 by Assistant Secretary of Defence Richard Perle, Bryen was the target two years ago of an FBI and Justice Department investigation of espionage on behalf of Israel and other offences.

That investigation was closed without indictment on the order of an Assistant Attorney-General (*NS*, 6 May 1983), a personal friend of Bryen's lawyer who had gone along with a Congressional campaign to protect Bryen from testifying under oath. He overruled the recommendation of the officials in charge of the investigation to present the case to a Grand Jury. The dossier on the investigation was then sealed, and according to Justice Department officials, several hundred pages were mysteriously lost.

The National Association of Arab Americans (NAAA) challenged the 'loss' of the documents in federal court in Washington, and a year ago the judge ordered virtually all the sensitive documents in the Bryen dossier to be released. The Justice Department appealed.

Until very recently, Bryen was confidently telling associates that the campaign to release the documents wouldn't hurt him any more than the earlier investigations. Then last month the Justice Department unexpectedly offered to settle out of court. It offered to pay NAAA's legal expenses (about $60,000) and release almost all the documents; in exchange, NAAA would drop its claim to the remaining sealed documents and the 1985 court order would be dissolved.

After the disclosure of 40 earlier espionage investigations involving Israel, every single one of which was closed without prosecution, were US officials, in frustration at their inability to prosecute Israel's agents in Washington, trying to draw the spotlight back on to Bryen, and re-open his case?

JOHN DAVITT, who headed the Justice Department's investigation of Bryen and is now retired, broke his long silence and told the *New York Times* that he disagreed with the decision to award Bryen a security clearance. 'I find it difficult to understand how anyone reading the file could conclude, "well, this matter was investigated and he was given a clean bill of health and all the allegations were resolved in his favour".'

The new turn in the case has apparently caused Bryen to re-assess his position, and a few days ago he retained lawyers to represent him. David Birenbaum and John Boese, of the Washington law firm of Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver and Kampelman, have told the *NS* they interviewed Bryen and have agreed to an 'extremely recent engagement'. They defend Bryen by saying that the earlier investigations stopped short of any charge against him.

But the two lawyers are less than forthcoming about the dealings their firm may have had with Bryen on behalf of several other clients. For, according to the foreign agents registration files of the Justice Department, the Fried, Frank firm is on retainer to represent the Israeli government and Israel Military Industries in issues involving military sales, technology transfer, defence research co-operation and related procurement. The firm may be involved in representing Israeli interests in the case of the illegal export of nuclear warhead switches which were fraudulently acquired for Israel's defence ministry, and in the case of US Army technology for manufacturing 120mm gun barrels that was obtained without export licences by agents of Israel Military Industries. The first case has already resulted in indictments, and recently the Israelis applied to Bryen's office for licences to export more of the devices; the second case is still under investigation by US prosecutors. Birenbaum and Boese say they are 'not prepared to say whether we are involved . . . we don't feel we want to talk about every engagement'.

The two lawyers insist, however, that they have considered the potential conflicts of interest that might be involved in representing Bryen, 'and we resolved them favourably'. The lawyers explain this by saying they would have a problem only if the interests of one client were in conflict with those of another client. As far as they could see, representing the Israeli government and a member of the US Administration presented no conflict of interest at all. □



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# LETTERS

## Law and Tory Order

*Roy A. Carr-Hill, Centre for Health Economics, University of York*

The new wave of ideological 'Left Realism' in Law and Order, exemplified by Kinsey's column (*NS* 24 January), really has to stop. It's not enough to simply put up an aged American professor of government like James Q Wilson as a straw man.

The first question is why has Kinsey *et al* only just discovered Wilson and his cronies as they've been around and argued with by non-ideological socialists for 20 years — perhaps those who have ignored the writing on the wall for so long are succumbing to a moral panic?

The second point is to expose the Thatcherist rhetoric in Kinsey's own column. I'm not disputing the claim that the sexual harassment of women is a high priority (nor burglary nor 'mugging') but to leap from that to a demand 'for greater accountability and effective external review of policing policy' (to and by whom?) is rather like Maggie's unemployment policy: fight the Falklands War and at least we take a few young males off the streets and we might just forget about the misery for the remaining vast majority. The point should be simple: as Kinsey knows and recognises, neither policy nor Politburo (locally controlled, of course) can predict when and where X (usually male) is going to attack Y (usually female). So they can't prevent it even by blanket policing (whether in New York, Moscow, or London).

Finally, while surveys of the public's priorities are very useful, they depend very much on how the questions are asked: are the public more concerned with policy priorities or a quiet life; did everyone agree what counted as 'routine crime' or 'responsibility for its investigation' and so on.

Yes, crime is a problem, but no, police cannot contribute to its resolution; and of course, order or riots on the streets is different again. Can't we try and discuss these issues in their own terms without all the ideological trappings and deny the Tories the pleasure of linking them together under the umbrella of Law and Tory Order?

## Hiding behind anonymity

*Name and address supplied*

What a pathetic article (*NS* 7 February) by an anonymous journalist caught up in the fortress Wapping crisis. It made me feel ill when reading it.

As you rightly state in the leader column (31 January) an inquiry should be initiated by the independent directors of *The Times* into the behaviour and deception of Rupert Murdoch and his workforce at *The Times*.

The article reinforces the popular stereotype of the journalist as a limp-wristed, middle-class wally with principles that can be bought for £2,000 and free membership of BUPA. I, like the anonymous journalist, was faced with the alternatives of accepting the industrial slavery conditions offered by Rupert Murdoch or of rejecting them! I chose to reject them and stand dismissed with 6,000 others, while the pathetic journalist writes his copy behind razor barbed wire in fortress Wapping for the sake of our democracy!

I write this letter as an anonymous production worker, hoping that I may be re-employed at some future date. I do not profess to be a journalist and live by an anonymous pen, but having read the article in question I am happy that the writer is inside the fortress and not with us outside.

## Turn Caute

*Nicholas Jacobs, London NW5*

David Caute's review of Allan Merson's *Communist Resistance in Nazi Germany* (*NS* 24 January) does justice neither to the book nor its subject.

In the immediate post-war period most British historians of Nazi Germany did indeed disparage the Communist resistance, as Caute says. But this is no justification for continuing to do so now. The British government had its own reasons for disparaging even right-wing anti-Hitler plotters when it could have cooperated with them and even less did it want to acknowledge the existence of any active left-wing opposition. The historians listed by Caute (Trevor-Roper, Bullock, Terence Prittie and Wheeler-Bennett), each of whose views on the German Communists are quoted by Merson and are invalidated by the material in his book, where only reflecting that bias. It is striking that the only historian discussed by Merson in this context who is not mentioned by Caute is Geoffrey Barraclough, who disagreed with all the others.

Caute bemoans the German Communist Party's (KPD) contempt for liberal values in the thirties. But he knows very well that the most powerful European government that espoused such values, namely Britain, was more or less openly encouraging Hitler as a bulwark against Communism at the time. What other attitude would he expect the KPD to adopt to such values?

Caute's statement that the evidence of Communist resistance in Germany is sparse after 1941 makes one wonder if he has even read Merson's last five chapters. Or does his singling out of the group led by the Jewish Communist Herbert Baum indicate that, like so many others, he is less interested in the resistance activities and persecution of groups who do not happen to be Jewish? Merson indeed has 'an interesting page' on the Baum group. He also has interesting pages on many othe groups and individuals, including — to take one example amongst many — on Heinz Kapelle, executed for anti-war activity during the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact when, Caute claims, 'the German war machine had little to fear from German communism'.

The retreat of the German army, says Caute, brought about no popular uprising in Germany. This may be true in general, but he might fairly have mentioned Merson's brief account of the Cologne uprising late in 1944, the closest Germany ever came to partisan activity, when the local SS chief was among those killed.

At the same time as the extreme and not-at-all so extreme right in 'liberal' Britain were egging Hitler on against the Left, the poet John Cornford knew very well who was filling the first concentration camps, and wrote the lines:

> We can do nothing to ease that pain
> But prove the agony was not in vain.

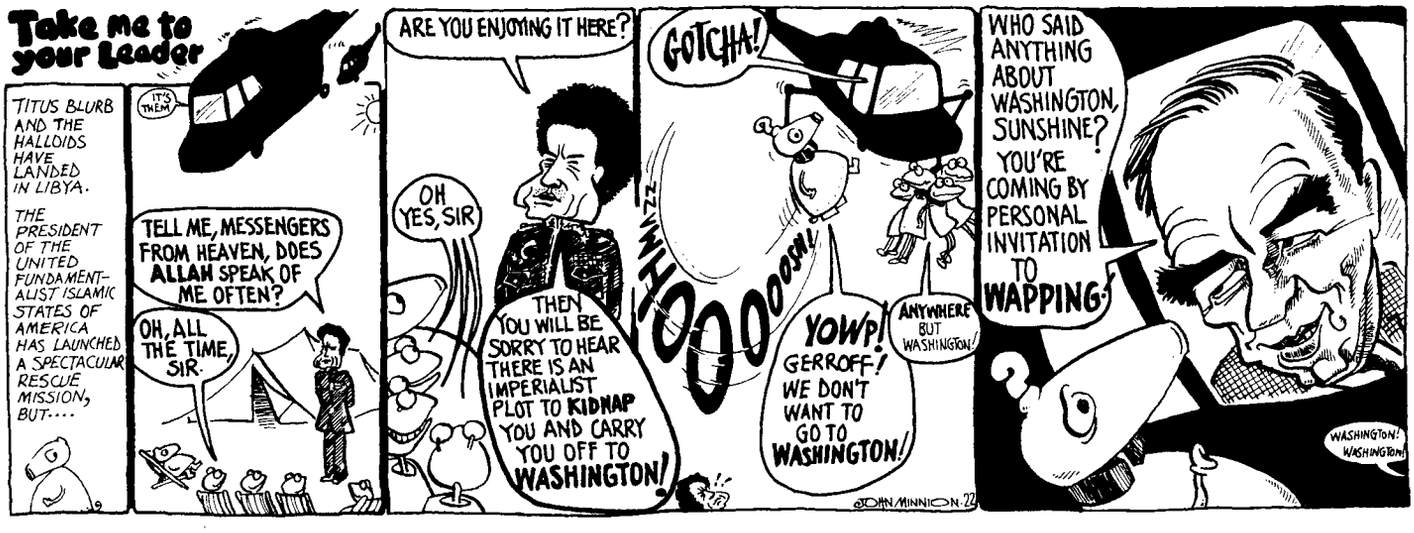
Without being uncritical of the KPD, and Merson himself is by no means uncritical in this respect, I regret that a review of this book in the *New Statesman* was not nearer the spirit of those lines than that of easy Cold War anti-communism.

## Smear journalism

*Dr Mark McCarthy, London NW1*

James LeFanu (*NS* 24 January) misleads your readers. More cervical smears for young women are not a priority. Over half of all smears are already performed on women under 35, although their likelihood of a positive smear is much less than for older women. These smears are often taken as 'passive' screening, during a consultation for contraceptive advice or pregnancy.

Certainly cervical cancer screening needs to be better coordinated in the NHS. One improvement could be to send the laboratory results directly to the women themselves. But GPs, who contract to


Take me to your Leader
TITUS BLURB AND THE HALLOIDS HAVE LANDED IN LIBYA.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED FUNDAMENTALIST ISLAMIC STATES OF AMERICA HAS LAUNCHED A SPECTACULAR RESCUE MISSION, BUT....
IT'S THEM!
TELL ME, MESSENGERS FROM HEAVEN, DOES ALLAH SPEAK OF ME OFTEN?
OH, ALL THE TIME, SIR.
ARE YOU ENJOYING IT HERE?
OH YES, SIR
THEN YOU WILL BE SORRY TO HEAR THERE IS AN IMPERIALIST PLOT TO KIDNAP YOU AND CARRY YOU OFF TO WASHINGTON!
GOTCHA!
OHHHH
OOOOSH!
YOWP!
GERROFF! WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO WASHINGTON!
ANYWHERE BUT WASHINGTON!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WASHINGTON, SUNSHINE? YOU'RE COMING BY PERSONAL INVITATION TO WAPPING!
WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON!
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provide general medical care to all patients on their list, should take responsibility to ensure that everyone at risk is screened. Older women need active encouragement for screening, and the DHSS makes an extra payment to GPs for smears on women over 35.

General practitioners hold the key to success. Could Dr LeFanu reassure us that every woman over 35 in his practice has been offered a smear?

## Aids debate

*Leo Abse MP, House of Commons, London SW1*

In your editorial (*NS* 24 January) you protest against BBC censorship of an Aids programme: and then, with a deftness worthy of any censor, by a distorted, truncated and abusive reference to my article in the current *Time and Tide*, you give no indication to your readers of the thrust of my contribution.

No one reading your comments would be aware that I had mocked the derisory financial contribution being made by this government to the health and preventative services: that I had rejected the moral sententiousness of those proffering celibacy or near celibacy to the promiscuous homosexual: that I had stressed the inadequacy of preaching 'safe sex' as a response to the Aids threat: that I had called for genuine support for counselling and psychotherapy: and that I had, above all, attempted to explain why in the long run if Aids is to be prevented we need to convert the political rhetoric about the importance of family life into an authentic supportive family programme.

But your one quotation does reveal what prompts you to such censorship: it clearly bugs you that I take the view that waiting for the magic antidote to be exported to us by the American drug companies is an illusion, and that the members of the risk group have a right to be looked at in their full humanity, and not treated as distressing creatures to be fobbed off by an injection or preventative pill. You may find it painful to explore, as I have attempted in my article, the psycho-dynamics and psycho-pathology of those whose fearsome fate is to be in the very high risk group: but it would do you more credit if you opened up the discussion rather than, with abuse, sought to repress it.

## Wait a minute . . .

*Nicolas Walter, London N1*

David Berry's review of magazines (*NS* 7 February) describes me as editor of the *New Humanist*; if he had read it more carefully, he would have seen that I was editor from 1975 to 1984 but that the present editor is Jim Herrick. He also says that 'Humanism is not a sufficiently strong principle to unite people with different political views'; the existence of the magazine since 1885 and of the Rationalist Press Association since 1899, as well as several other humanist papers and organisations since the nineteenth century, all uniting people with different political views, surely proves the contrary.

He also says the he believes I am an anarchist; I have been fairly well known as an anarchist for 25 years (in the columns of the *New Statesman* among other places), but I must emphasise that the *New Humanist* and RPA are non-political, except in the broad 'liberal' sense of advocating freedom of thought, expression and behaviour. I may add that free copies of the centenary issue of the *New Humanist* are available from the RPA at 88 Islington High Street, London N1.

Incidentally, the review of *Anarchy* and *Class War* gives both their addresses as 85B Whitechapel High Street, London E1. This is in fact the address of the Freedom Press, the anarchist publishing and bookselling business which celebrates its centenary this year (free copies of its monthly magazine *Freedom* are also available), which has now withdrawn the facility of using its address from both *Anarchy* and *Class War*.

## Taking on British Telecom

*Jeremy Cooper, 44 Charlotte Road, London EC2*

It is the declared (and executed) policy of the British Telecom Board to give no overtime work to their engineers, thereby employing only a skeleton staff at nights and at weekends. This job-cutting drive for profits is the direct cause of the distress suffered by thousands of private subscribers whose telephone lines now remain out of order for days, even weeks, beyond the advertised maximum repair time of 48 hours.

On my third consecutive weekend with a dead telephone I've decided to see if it is possible for the subscribers — shareholders too, some of you — to force BT to spend a portion of its gargantuan profits on employing sufficient engineers to provide a decent repair service. Could I, therefore ask your readers to write to me at the above address with precise details of any telephone line repair difficulties they may have had? I will undertake delivery of these problems *personally* to the Chairman of British Telecom.

## Parent power

*Jane Watkinson, Vice-Chair, Campaign for the Advancement of State Education (Gloucestershire Association)*

Barry Hugill has not done his research on parent groups (*NS* 24 January). The Campaign for the Advancement of State Education (CASE) has been in existence for over 20 years. We have over 40 associations across the country. We are the only national parent organisation with local associations who are campaigning for the same aims: a properly resourced state system; improved home/school communications; more information for parents.

Every year CASE sends delegations to all political parties and the major teaching unions. Joan Sallis, our chair, has written the definitive books on training of school governors. We have regularly submitted written and oral evidence to the Parliamentary Select Committee on Education. I myself went with a CASE delegation to the House of Commons last week to give evidence on achievement in primary schools.

This government may not have recognised 'the upsurge in parental feeling' that state schools are under-resourced. (I should say that when I recently attended my son's comprehensive PTA meeting, the Tory MP and councillor who addressed the parents were visibly shaken by the strength of feeling.) But having been involved in parent groups for several years, I am convinced that at last parents are beginning to see the consequences of continuous cutbacks in educational resources and that this will be a significant factor in the next general election.

## Ministry for Creativity?

*Vin Harrop, Billericay, Essex*

I was very interested to read John Ellis's ideas for a new order in our cultural activities (*NS* 20-27 December) bringing together the arts of cinematography, broadcasting, literature, the visual and the performance arts under one Ministry. Anyone not realising just what a state of fragmentation our arts are in right now would have expected this logical step to have been taken a long time ago, especially because of the ever increasing inter-dependence by all the arts on one another. But until the arts begin working together properly, no government however well disposed towards them will achieve any worthwhile degree of ordered unity.

However, let us not despair for the present supine, penny-pinching government has done one enormous favour for the arts: it has united them against it and its toady quango, the Arts Council of Great Britain. So perhaps from this new-found unity a new togetherness may flower and the hitherto non-communicative factions within the arts will start to develop mutually beneficial schemes which ultimatey benefit also the public at large, like the recently established National Arts Day (24 June each year) and the National Dance Week (22-28 June this year). And, who knows, one day we may have a 'Ministry for Creativity' that we can all work with. Pie in the sky? I think not, but we shall see.

## Bad housekeeping

*S. Ungar, Rye, E. Sussex*

'Scrutiny' (*NS* 31 January) says the Water Authorities are 'up to their ears in debt'. I wonder why?

The last year in which I paid water rates to the local Authority as part of my rates, I was charged £20.20 for water. The following year the newly independent S.W.A. charged me £57.17, a rise of nearly 300 per cent. By last year, my water bill was nearly 5 times that sum of £20.20. If my rates had risen correspondingly, they would now be nearly £1,000 for my small house.

The water authorities did not have to instal or create water supplies; the network was already in existence. There must have been some very bad housekeeping if they are up to their ears in debt. What have they been doing with their money?

## Red faces

*Chris Mullin, 9 Park Place East, Sunderland*

A gremlin seems to have crept into my letter (*NS* 7 February) about lurid labels in the *Sun*. The Sun editorial describing the selection of Ms Dawn Primerolo as Labour parliamentary candidate for Bristol South was headed 'Red Beast' not 'Red Breast'.


**THE SECRET DOCTRINE**

**There is a tradition of an Ancient Wisdom relevant, however, to any age and people. It tells of the eternal verities of existence, of Universal processes and laws which are of the nature of Nature herself – of whom we are all part.**

**This must be of interest to real thinkers . . .**

*For information write to:*
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**P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS**




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# WHY WOMEN DENY THEIR BODIES

*Both photos: Camera Press*

*An emaciated model no longer has the power to shock as Twiggy (left) did 20 years ago. Today (right) she is the model of femininity, though tomorrow her shoulders may be too broad, her breasts too low, her bottom too high. SUSIE ORBACH, who has pioneered understanding of women's tortured relationship to food and their bodies, here explores the 1980s problem of bulimia and argues that it stems from an attack on women's space in the world*

AS SEX WAS for the Victorians, so women acting on their desire for food is now an area of great tension and repression. Millions of women in the industrialised world have come to feel and act as though food is somehow impermissible. Bulimia and bulimic episodes, when a person alternately binges on and purges herself of food, are not uncommon features of many women's eating. Bulimia has now followed anorexia out of the closet of secrecy; the two are but the extreme ends of the epidemic of eating problems which express women's psychological response to their current conditions.

Three factors press women towards a preoccupation with their bodies and with their appetites as part of their self-definition. These factors intersect to create the eating problems from which few women in the West between the ages of 15 and 50 are entirely free. The first is the staggering acceleration in the rate of change in women's body types during the last decade. The second is women's position as the family feeder and nurturer.

The conflict between the two is made even more taut by a third factor, an invidious counterattack on feminism and the movement for women's liberation. During the last few years, the meagre space that women won in the 1970s has been being undermined in every area. At its height, feminist energy made it possible to contest



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the need for a feminine aesthetic — an insistence on looking 'right'. Women today are again seeing their bodies — albeit in a new 'liberated' 80s form — as an area for concern and struggle. It is the way in which these social forces act on each other that leads me to argue that bulimia, anorexia and compulsive eating constitute a metaphor for our times.

Deciphering the psychological symptom of bulimia yields disturbing information about women's experience today. Just as hysteria and the hysterical response was a stand in, a psychic representation of the social paralysis that affected Victorian women, so decoding the bingeing and purging characteristic of bulimia lets us see aspects of women's experience today that are as much an indictment of contemporary society as hysteria was of Victorian society.

AT FIRST GLANCE, the bulimic woman appears to have an unremarkable eating pattern. Unlike the compulsive eater she doesn't visibly stuff herself, unlike the anorectic she is not seen to refuse food. Her shape may be unremarkable, neither emaciated like the anorectic nor large like some compulsive eaters. Consequently there are few clues to what either her body or food mean to her. But the hidden nature of the behaviour hides eating patterns which are extremely distressing.

Several times a week — or for some women, several times a day — she either plans or is overtaken by a binge. During the course of a binge she can consume vast quantities of food, few mouthfuls of which she is actually able to savour. By the end of a binge she may discover that she has eaten several cakes, a couple of packets of biscuits and crisps, raw vegetables, a pot of ice cream, a barbecued chicken, a plate of pasta, a tub of taramasalata and so on. Such a binge may only be contemplated with a plan to bring the food up.

The bulimic woman becomes preoccupied with a ritual of bingeing and vomiting. It can extend over several hours starting in the evening and gradually taking over the whole night. Her binge is an intense experience. In it she may feel like a wild animal foraging, searching, desperately looking for something to soothe and satisfy her. She may travel from one take-out joint to another eating a meal at each or she may shut herself up at home with bags of supplies. She alternates between eating and throwing up or eating and ingesting large quantities of laxatives to help evacuate the food. The bingeing and the purging become a major activity, a way of spending time with herself; a private pleasure and a private agony.

When examined in therapy, the tension between in and out, the rhythm of ingestion and expulsion reveals some of the emotional texture of the woman's life. We discover how terribly threatened she is by food, that she feels she is not entitled to it. We discover what it symbolises about the legitimacy of her physical and emotional appetites. We discover that she cannot keep something first perceived as good and comforting inside herself because she sees herself as undeserving and bad. We explore the process by which the taking in of good feelings and supplies quickly turns poisonous. She reveals her fear of fatness and the exposure of need that it represents to her. She feels impelled to curb her needs or at least keep them strictly to herself.

The binges and the purges are attempts to cope with the emotional ebb and flow of daily life. She has no confidence in or experience of dealing with her feelings. She lives a split life in which she appears to be coping but inside she feels explosive. Typically, the feelings that lie undigested all day long lay siege to her as soon as she is alone. She is unable to embrace them or examine them. They terrify her and she goes towards the food in an attempt to stuff them back down.

But she finds very little solace in the experience of eating, for eating, like her feelings is impermissible too. She will not feel better until she has emptied herself out. She needs to cleanse herself, to deny the need for soothing, *to repudiate her need at the same moment as she is attempting to recognise it*. The process of not being able to keep inside her and digest what she wants is constantly reiterated. The bulimic behaviour continually short circuits the discovery of what it is that is troubling her deep down. These episodes are deeply painful and humiliating; dark and messy expressions of an inner turmoil she can neither eradicate nor expose.

WHILE THE BULIMIC'S eating behaviour may at first seem incomprehensible, it is similar to the eating patterns of many women in the UK today. Central to the bulimic's relationship to food

Camera Press

**In the 1940s and '50s, big breasts were the order of the day. Women without them may have despaired — but at least they knew that Jane Russell didn't get hers by starvation**



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is the playing out of the conflict between desire and restraint. Her response may be an exaggeration of how many women act towards food but it exemplifies typical feelings women come to have towards food. The theme of restraint and desire permeates much of almost every woman's relationship to food.

That relationship is extremely complex. The ability to provide nourishing, appetising food is an important source of self esteem for women. Giving food is a symbol of caring for others. Women nourish new born human life. But what characterises women's *own* eating is the feeling that taking food and the desire for it must be controlled.

Thus contemporary notions of femininity make the cruel demand that the very food a woman is expected to give others as an expression of her caring — and duty — towards them, is forbidden to herself. It is forbidden twice over. Historically women have been accustomed to restrain their own food needs on the spurious grounds that, in a situation of scarcity, men and children come first. Although the rationale for such a behaviour has long since passed in the West — if indeed it ever was justifiable — it is still the case that women routinely select the choicest morsels for the father and children.

It is forbidden again for a yet more capricious reason, this time to do with the present aesthetic of femininity. Over the last 20 years an aesthetic of increasing thinness has been popularised. It is now the dominant view of what a woman 'should' look like, and has come to represent femininity itself. In the past, such images were of limited concern to women outside the *haute bourgeoisie*; now fashion and style affect the mass of women.

AT THE SAME time as thinness has been presented and taken up by women as the aesthetic motif of our day, the image of the full breasted woman of two generations ago (Marilyn Monroe) gets a new lease of life with page 3 and Samantha Fox. But before we celebrate such diversity let's be clear about how these opposing images affect women. Rather than providing her with a choice of images to identify with they become the way women *should* look and there are few women who don't strive at some level to incorporate both the explicitly 'sexual' image and the thin aesthetic.

But since both these presentations of women are simply that, i.e. culturally permissible *images* of women with no sexual and social complexity, they imprison rather than express women's personalities. Women judge their bodies from the outside, to check up on the image they are creating. Like food, women's bodies have never been neutral territory. They have carried significance for the culture as a whole, symbolising nurturance, sexuality, and fecundity. Our bodies become not the place in which we live but the achilles heel of our sexual identity. It is no wonder that a woman can feel an uneasy separation between 'her body' and 'her self' and find herself wanting to act on her body to reverse the feeling of being acted upon. Body insecurity, which is in effect what these feelings boil down to, is like a second skin we wear, an aspect of grown up femininity.

From the late 1960s, the feminist movement took up the questions of beauty, sexual objectification, slimming, diet, the role of food in women's lives and so on. (The disruption of the Miss World contest at Atlantic City was the opening move of the second wave of feminism in the USA). We uncovered the phenomena of compulsive eating and compulsive dieting, we made it possible for women who binged and purged themselves to begin to be able to talk about what that meant for them and we were able to shed a new light on anorexia nervosa, to read in it a desperate attempt to say something about women's life experience. For a while, looking at these painful topics from a sympathetic woman's perspective unleashed a tremendous energy and many women, including women who did not identify themselves as feminists, began to question the preoccupation they had with their bodies and the continual stress of trying to press them into shape.

**Movie stars we haved watched for years deal with ageing with loss of weight — they are all several sizes thinner than they were a decade ago**

Gradually women began to challenge the assumptions of the diet industry, began the process of learning to eat with their hunger, and put their own food needs on the agenda. Women of all sizes began to feel more comfortable in and with their bodies; the media images were temporarily muted.

I say temporarily for in fact during the last few years there has been an assault so total that the 'ideal' women's body size is entirely elusive and yet insistently demanded. Changes in body fashion are now so rapid that no woman can feel secure that the body she has will fit in with what is acceptable this year. Every woman is potentially on the line.

It is almost as though there is a campaign — unconscious or maybe conscious — to encourage women to make their bodies yet smaller and smaller. The fashion models who display the clothes we are meant to wear, still get skinnier and skinnier, indeed the clothes in the shops seem to start in ever smaller sizes. The movie stars we have watched for years — Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, Sophia Loren, Mary Tyler Moore — seem to deal with ageing with the loss of weight. They are all several sizes thinner than they were a decade ago. In other words, a thin aesthetic (with seasonal variations to do with legs, shoulders, breasts, large or small or pointed or floppy etc) is being promoted with an increasing vigour. These phenomena have the effect of continually undermining women's attempts to discover what body weight or size might be right for them.

Women who once found enough strength collectively to disdain the explicit messages of the merchants of body insecurity in favour of their own aesthetic have themselves felt swamped by the image makers. Many feminists find themselves caught up once again in the search for acceptability through the look of the body.

The trend towards an aesthetic of emaciation coincides too comfortably with the emergence of the feminist movement not to cause suspicion. It is hard not to see in it a (conscious or unconscious) response to women's demands to take up more space in the world, to ourselves define the parameters of our lives. As we fight for more room in the world, the purveyors of body insecurity would have us divert our attention back to an area that has assured them profit and control for years. They encourage us to take our body, not the outside world, as the site of change. Cleverly playing on women's demands for more activity in the world, the 1980s version of self improvement for women, subverts this message: we should exercise more, become 'fit' in order to have the right lean and athletic appearance. But for every woman who finds new freedom through fitness, there are a dozen for whom the requirement to 'exercise' is merely another tyranny. As feminist concerns continue to move on to the political and personal agenda, so a pernicious counter view is propagated in an area in which women are still extraordinarily vulnerable: our bodies.

As long as real changes in the world are slower than we need them to be, as long as the attitudes women have to encounter reflect a derogation of women, women are bound to use their bodies and their food intake to express the conflicts that we all have to live with. Individual women who choose to, will be able to overcome their eating problems but the conflicts that create these problems will continue through to the next generation. □

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*Susie Orbach's latest book is* Hunger Strike: the anorectic stuggle as a metaphor for our age. *It was published by Faber, price £9.95 on 3 February 1986.*



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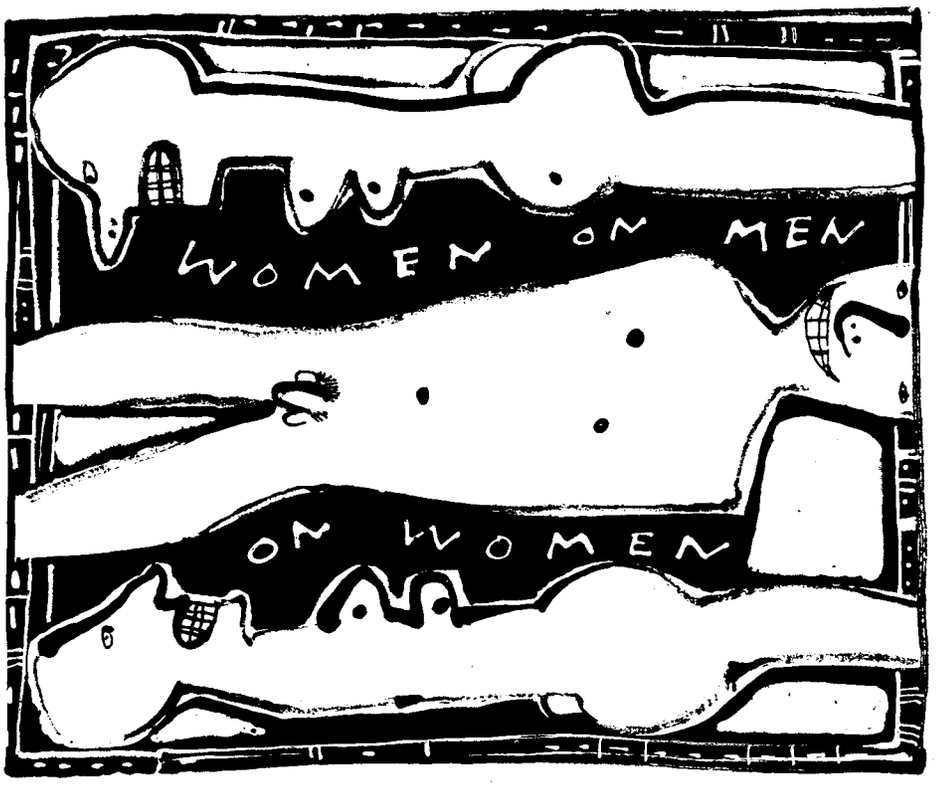


Christine Roche

# Views of the other sex

Roz Kaveney

**Women Writing About Men**
JANE MILLER *Virago* £5.50
**Men On Women**
E. L. RANELAGH *Quartet* £10.95

MARX'S REMARK about philosophers *only* interpreting the world establishes a false dichotomy: it is, as we all know perfectly well, essential to understand how an objectionable system works before we can alter, reform, overthrow, replace or refuse it. One of the ways in which we do this is to observe how our predecessors survived at all in the cracks of that system; how, further, they came to notice that there was a system — rather than ordained Nature or random circumstance — and that it was oppressive. This is particularly true of a system as complex as that inequitable one which has hitherto, in most cultures, governed the relationship between the sexes.

There is a school of thought which states that all feminism needs is anger, anger produced by a powerful description of oppression. Strict accuracy in the creation of that myth is seen as a nitpicking hangover from patriarchal ideology. This view has a certain moral force which it rather loses when we notice that for many of its proponents the victory that will derive from all this anger is nothing concrete but rather a radical quietism, a disengagement from a history in which women cannot win. Meanwhile, there is another view: that traditional hard intellectual graft and endless intuition, wit and cunning might serve to interpret and thus to change others. This latter view informs Jane Miller's patchily excellent **Women Writing About Men**; it is counsels of despair that make E. L. Ranelagh's **Men On Women** so irritatingly incoherent.

Miller is involved with men; she writes, her feminism operates in the context of being the wife of one and the mother of another. From these relationships she derives insights as important to herself and to her readers as those which come from the way that, as an academically trained woman, she has so often been expected, has expected herself to react as if her gender were irrelevant — which is all too often taken to mean 'as if she were as good as a man'.

She is looking at the past of women through the novel, a form which has dominated women's writing in the West for the last three centuries, has been used importantly to create a tradition of ever-refining analysis of how relations between the sexes work and also as a way of delineating or in some measure suggesting strategies by which dealings with men might be run. She is describing the development of a form and the parallel development of an ideology; she is also explicitly describing, in a way that refers to autobiographical matters, her own development as a reader of texts. On the whole, this multiplicity of focus works admirably; she responds to books and to the world with a complex sensibility which is hardly open at all to the stock charge of pretentiousness.

She looks at a selection of the standard authors — Austen, Eliot, Charlotte Brontë and Woolf — and at a selection of more marginalised ones — notably Jean Rhys and Alice Walker — and examines their handling of men as individuals and as the bearers of different sorts of significance (under the heads of a selection of the different relationships which the female characters have with them). She is, for example, especially good on the way that Virginia Woolf's examination of relationships with fathers in *To The Lighthouse* is full of the most productive of ambiguities and of forgivenesses. Her chapters on Austen are illuminating; there is little in them that is startling or new, but her reading of Austen as a moralist, quietly angry with social relationships she sees no hope of changing, is a useful corrective to many other readings, one bearing at least the same relationship to the known facts and one which makes Austen accessible to feminist readers without their feeling they have to quarrel with her every couple of pages.

Some of the book shows unwelcome signs of having been cobbled together, with less than an ideal concern for total relevance, from occasional journalism and other separately conceived pieces. The section on Alexandra Kollontai's *roman à clef* about the relationship between Inez Armand and Lenin overloads, by its depth and lack of typicality, her chapter on the relations between women and the heroes they marry or have affairs with; the adjacency of Lenin and Eliot's Casaubon is either the happiest or the unhappiest of collocations.

Miller has chosen to write the book that she has written and not some other book; it is perhaps nonetheless a matter for regret that she has omitted from her survey that important topic of the Fatal Man, save in a brief digression on Heathcliff and Rochester as analogues of Branwell Brontë and the fraternal relationship. Generally, save in the sections about contemporary Black American writing, Miller omits the way women have written of men as enemies and as oppressors; she is trying a little too hard to deny the possibility that some of the time the only strategy worth describing is that which comes from the barrel of a gun.

No such qualms are felt by E. L. Ranelagh, a Guggenheim Fellow in Folklore, who marshals the resources of her extensive filing system to produce a typology of misogyny throughout the ages. She promises a survey from the oldest of religious texts to the most modern of urban legends. Her promise is fulfilled in the former case, but I cannot see why she made the latter commitment and failed to keep it save for a couple of examples of xeroxed intra-office joking. Much of what she says is useful; she demonstrates conclusively that the major Eastern religions have as black a record as far as contempt for women goes as the militant religions of Near East and West. She is less happy in her attempts to use mediaeval *fabliaux* and their rural early modern American equivalents; all too often she interprets as purely and darkly misogynistic material which at least equally bears the construction of ambivalent awareness, or grudging respect, of woman as autonomously desiring Other.

Sometimes her examples proliferate past the threshold of non-specialist concentration or relevance; male obsession with penis size is catalogued to prove what is already known to



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most people, that penis envy is a male anxiety of no interest to anyone else. There are times when she wilfully distorts or suppresses; she talks of the ancient Greeks as if the interpretation of myth by individual artists was necessarily a representation of cultural tradition. Homer is the creator of Circe and Calypso and Helen, none of whom is in any case the misogynist stereotype Ranelagh paints her as, but he is also the portrayer of Penelope, Nausicaa, Andromache and Athena. Ranelagh could doubtless make a negative case in those instances too, but it really would not stand up. They are at worst not *merely* examples of male hatred of women; she is trying too hard.

Judgmental and unprovable statements such as that men 'salivate' over certain sorts of dirty stories discredit an academic tone which is elsewhere the implicit justification for a certain tedium; Ranelagh spoils a useful insight by over-egging the pudding. And what of the traditions of the female schoolyard, what of those jokes to which women in groups respond? If men have adopted misogynistic humour and proverbs as a way of binding against women, how have women kept their spirits up if not with a tradition of reply? It is in the bleakness of Ranelagh's vision that she is at her furthest remove from reality; Miller's strength is that from a more disciplined and less purely cataloguing scholarship she derives in the end a message of hope. □

# A mad world

Wiseman Khuzwayo

**Move Your Shadow: South Africa Black and White**
JOSEPH LELYVELD *Michael Joseph* £14.95

THIS AMERICAN WRITER has captured the insanity of apartheid with staggering insights into the land at the foot of Africa which must soon dispense with its Alice-in-Wonderland world: Alice in Wonderland, only nastier.

When Alice went through the looking glass she observed a very mad world — 'curiouser and curiouser'. Joseph Lelyveld invites us to think similarly. We hear a story of an ordinary court in South Africa more ludicrous than any Mad Hatter's Teaparty. Mrs Cynthia Freeman had a white skin, blonde hair and blue eyes but, as the daughter of a white father and coloured mother, was 'classified' as coloured and charged under the Group Areas Act for living in a white area.

Lelyveld, an award-winning journalist with the *New York Times*, must be credited with having succeeded where many have failed. I think particularly of exiles like myself who have argued our politics against apartheid on purely moral grounds. This is where we lose every match to this American writer.

Lelyveld writes like a boxer who, making a comeback, plunges into his opponent and scores a knock-out. As a foreign correspondent based in South Africa he could never bring himself to accept apartheid. He paid a price for his attitude: he was deported within 11 months and dubbed by one leading Afrikaner newspaper 'one of South Africa's most notorious enemies in the world'. What a description! Any anti-apartheid activist would gladly carry it; unfortunately the South African government does not give such accolades often enough.

Fourteen years later Botha's government, desperately in need of manufacturing an image of reform for the international community, decided to grant a visa to Lelyveld to come back and see for himself. What came out of it rebounded on them. Lelyveld's perception was as great as their ability to deceive themselves.

Looking through the mirage, Lelyveld takes you through all the facades that may be fooling the liberal observer in the West. In a very witty way he marks the reasons why it is important that apartheid be seen to be changing and the sleights of hand employed to that end. For instance, in many cities in South Africa you will no longer see notices proclaiming 'Whites Only' at bus stops. These have been replaced by subtler ways of telling the blacks that they still do not belong; the bus stops are now colour coded.

As the author describes every stage of his visit to South Africa, one gets a sense of pity for the white South Africans, both Afrikaner and English — for Lelyveld shows that they are equally bigoted.

But, having said all the good things about the book, I would not be fair to the potential reader if I did not point out that Lelyveld seems to be writing as if everyone is ignorant of the apartheid system. The book is written in this respect as if for a high school library.

Apart from that, there is no doubt that he has done a nice hatchet job. He was invited to witness the changes in South Africa and, when he came out, wrote an honest account of what he had observed — that is that absolutely nothing has changed. □

# Dive for cover

David Winwood

'Dive for cover!' we yelled all day.
So we hid behind the collapsed garden-wall.
'Dive!' And when we tapped the old pointing
grey scab crumbled and dust flowed out.
We declared it gunpowder.

'Dive! Dive you fool!' The hurried air
whistled too quick for questions. Jumping
through rosebay-willowherb, avoiding thistles,
we failed to wonder why the immortals
we were imitating, needed cover at all.

It only later hit me, that they were playing
our games. That we had invented the ones
we were copying (as they had, before us).
That their immortal line would die with us
unless we found cover first.

# Box baddie

Basil Ransome-Davies

**Amusing Ourselves To Death**
NEIL POSTMAN *Heinemann* £9.95

THOUGH NEIL POSTMAN hopes that this book will not be 'interpreted as standard-brand academic whimpering, a kind of élitist complaint against "junk" on television', much of it is a scornful litany of familiar high-cultural accusations. On this view, television is fit for nothing except trivial pursuits; if it tries to handle serious topics, it inevitably degrades and travesties them. Postman sketches a drama in which Typographic Man, the legendary hero of McLuhanism, has been dethroned, thanks to the tube, by a herd of square-eyed semi-literates. The USA is threatened with a Huxleyan dystopia in which a non-stop electronic circus will tickle its population to mental death. He fears this may be a certain doom, but if there is a hope of saving Culture it rests on installing the critical study of TV within the educational system.

Such a shrivelled mouse of a conclusion seems almost laughable when media studies is an on-stream project, busy developing its tools and methods, alive with internal debate. Research and publications on TV's infrastructure, programmes, audiences and mechanisms of pleasure have laid a firm groundwork. There is no settled orthodoxy in the discipline, but few teachers of television find at all useful the version of technological determination theory on which the arguments of *Amusing Ourselves To Death* are based.

The reason for this is elementary. Following McLuhan, Postman has seized and gone to town with the discovery that television, like other forms of communication, is never value-free. It tends to construct its messages within a self-limiting framework of knowledge — or, as he puts it, 'technology is ideology'. Postman then treats this single fact as an ironclad and overriding cause of the defects of contemporary American TV. For him, a 'television based epistemology' turns everything into light entertainment. Entertainment *per se* he can tolerate, but he gravely insists that vital 'public discourse' needs the dignity of print.

Many of the ideas here, and even some of the actual formulations, are repeated from *Teaching As A Conserving Activity*, which Postman published in 1979. Amazingly, he seems to have read little of importance since then. What he has read, he has not always grasped. He cites Roland Barthes on 'myth' ('Myth Today' first appeared in English in 1972) without recognising the Marxist account of history which shapes Barthes'



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analysis. In fact, he appears to believe that Marxism — which has been seminal in media studies — teaches that 'history is moving us toward some preordained paradise and that technology is the force behind that movement'.

The gaffe is symptomatic. By thinking in terms of a formal *essence* of television, inbuilt and good for all time, he evicts society and history from his diagnosis. The medium is the message, pure and simple, regardless of patterns of use, ownership and control or of the distribution of social power in a given culture. If this were true, all TV would be like American TV. Westdeutscher Rundfunk and Channel 4 could never have existed. And there are worse than 'élitist' implications in Postman's approach. As long ago as 1974, in *Television: Technology and Cultural Form*, Raymond Williams wrote that McLuhanite technological determinism

> has the significant effect of indicating a social and cultural determinism . . . which ratifies the culture and society we now have, and especially in its most powerful internal directions. For if the medium — whether print or television — is the cause, then all other causes, all that men ordinarily see as history, are at once reduced to effects.

At the very least, that is a case to be answered. Postman does not begin to answer it, and his crude appraisal of TV as a mesmeric distraction implies a shopworn picture of the undifferentiated mass audience: a stupefied monster, without class, gender or ethnicity, brainless and passive. I have read of sightings in the press, but I have yet to meet the teacher of television who has glimpsed this creature. No one doubts that a lot of American TV is bad, though not for the reasons given in this book, and it will probably stay bad until there is major social change. What the lofty platitudes of Typographic Man can help no one to understand, or challenge, is the complex of relations between an unequal society and its staple TV products. □

## FICTION

# Rag time

Colin Greenland

**Passion Fruit**
ed. JEANETTE WINTERSON *Pandora* £3.95
**Redhill Rococo**
SHENA MACKAY *Heinemann* £9.95
**Seeing Things**
FRANCES THOMAS *Gollancz* £8.95
**Stunning the Punters**
ROBERT SPROAT *Faber* £4.95
**World's Fair**
E. L. DOCTOROW *Michael Joseph* £9.95

CELIA WORKS in Aldgate East at Zabrovska's Jewellery Store, lives on in Paradise Row after her mum and dad die. 'At thirty, Celia wanted a change. She sent for a rug on Special Offer in *Vogue*: a Chinese embroidered rug, seven foot by four . . . But the rug was not enough on its own.' Another year goes by. 'Celia was as firmly on the shelf as the Coronation tea-caddy in the blistered hole behind the shop where she had lunch, listening for the shop-bell.' Then, at 37, Celia gets lucky. Herbert comes in. At 39, she makes love with him on her Chinese carpet, in front of the gas fire. Hereabouts in Fiona Cooper's 'Herself and Herbert' you brace yourself for the nasty shock, the horrid let-down. Surely this is reality, in all its shabby ordinariness. Celia and Herbert will not be permitted to continue thus in bliss. Yet they are, they do. The best stories in **Passion Fruit** ('Romantic Fiction with a Twist') are neither passionate nor fruity but observe how the casual, crummy world does accommodate love, or can be made to at a pinch, as by the Broadmoor survivors in Fay Weldon's 'Down the Clinical Disco'. Rebecca Brown, Sara Maitland and Marge Piercy examine the dark, killing face of the romantic ideal, but less pushy, less paradigmatic stories ignore it altogether, in favour of love 'worked out', as in Angela Carter's 'The Quilt Maker', 'in whatever material happens to turn up in the ragbag'.

The supreme lyricist of daily grot is still Shena Mackay. **Redhill Rococo** burgeons with grey washing, splayed toothbrushes and neglected jars of pickled gerkhins, 'like baby alligators in formaldehyde'. Mackay specialises in domestic decay, in the way romance and other ideals gather dust with the empty wine-bottles. 'Luke ran his fingers along the spines of a little shelf of cookery books: *Making the Most of Vegetables, Take a Leek, Not Just a Load of Old Lentils* . . . A faint odour of chips hung in the air.' Pearl Slattery, whose kitchen this is, meets her Nemesis in Helen Headley-Jones, known as the Weasel, who crochets crinolined toilet-roll covers for the SDP fête. Yet while Pearl's daughter Cherry is falling for propriety and the curate, the Weasel's daughter Isobel is smoking dope with Pearl's son Sean. There's less of an edge to *Redhill Rococo* than to most of Mackay's previous fiction, but more willingness to give house-room to a haphazard, inconvenient sort of love, like the slug that lives under Pearl Slattery's bath.

**Seeing Things**, her first novel for adults, shows Frances Thomas shares Mackay's relish for human inadequacy, as well as her horrified fascination with the Church. Unlovely Anne Marie Kelly, third-former at Seven Sorrows, has a vision of the Virgin Mary on the way home across the common. The ensuing ecclesiastical excitement embroils mad old Sister Scholastica, lonely Father Joyce, tremulous Rachel Gold (the only Jew at the convent), numerous fussing evangelists and smiling bishops and Hugo, a scholar of medieval mysticism tempted towards the lurid paperback market: 'If it was not quite the dark night of his soul, it was certainly some time towards its late afternoon.' Frances Thomas neatly catches the tones of all their airs and graces, while Robert Sproat does the police in different voices, and not only the police, the skinhead, the old soak, the Irish labourer, the Pakistani shopkeeper, the Civil Service spinster too. Part of the fun of **Stunning the Punters**, his collection of nine London monologues, is seeing how quickly you can tell exactly who is speaking. Sproat himself seems to be nowhere, unless perhaps in his titles, 'The Fascination of the Vanity' or 'Black Madonna Two-Wheel Gypsy Queen': slightly awkward, slightly forced, which is consistent with the consummate ease of his mimickry. Thomas's characters condemn themselves out of their own mouths, but Sproat solicits sympathy rather than judgment. He's less interested in people's blind spots than in the illumination reminiscences shed amid the darkness of time. ('It's all been pulled down and built over now.') Beneath their crisp surfaces his stories are surprisingly soft-centred.

**World's Fair** is remembrance as artifice. Edgar Doctorow, born in New York City in 1931, relates the childhood of Edgar Altschuler, born in New York City in 1930. Like *Ragtime*, *World's Fair* is fiction with the detail and the grain of a documentary. The texture of the ordinary — brown soap, brass handrails, radium watches — is reproduced with conscientious neutrality, nostalgia rinsed clean of sentiment. Doctorow inflects the autobiographer's pursuit of trivia with the novelist's concern for shape and theme. A Time Capsule containing newsreels of President Roosevelt, a can of tooth powder and a hat by Lilly Daché is buried at the World's Fair in 1939 'to show people in the year 6939 what we had accomplished and what about our lives we thought meaningful.' Doctorow's novel is already an enigmatic message from a vanished civilisation. □


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# Shorter reviews

### Seven Nights

JORGE LUIS BORGES trans. ELIOT WEINBERGER
*Faber* £3.95

Borges delivered these lectures on *The Divine Comedy*, Nightmares, *The Thousand and One Nights*, Buddhism, the *Kabbalah*, Poetry and Blindness in Buenos Aires in 1977 on seven consecutive nights. In the last lecture he tells how, the year his eyesight finally failed, he asked some of his students to read *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* to him. Having lost the visible world, he set about recovering the world of his distant ancestors ('those tribes of men who rowed across the stormy northern waters') and discovered another language. 'Each of the words stood out as though it had been carved, as though it were a talisman.'

Borges's almost magical gift for overcoming barriers and making connections across literatures and languages animates these talks. Each subject gives an unashamedly 'hedonistic reader' a chance to sift through memories of a lifetime's reading. In one lecture he claims to be 'almost incapable of abstract thought' and the voice of these prose pieces is that of a poet for whom poetry is an aesthetic event, not something we arrive at by way of rules, judgment or literary theory. Lines of poetry keep ambushing the discourse: 'A brotherhood of venerable trees' (Wordsworth); 'The green silence of the fields' (Carducci); 'Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch' (Browning). Words call up words from other languages, cultures meet,

Borges has given his lecture on *The Divine Comedy* many times, never in the same form. It is for him the 'apex of literature' which will reveal new things when next he reads it. Here Borges wanders from the work itself to his personal involvement with it, begun on the slow and solitary streetcars taking him to work in a library in the Amalgro section of Buenos Aires. His dismissal from that post for political reasons forced him to take up lecturing as a means of making a living. Chance? 'Except that what we call chance is our ignorance of the complex machinery of causality.'

**Alan Hurst**

### The Courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett

DANIEL KARLIN *Oxford* £12.95

'I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett . . .' wrote Robert Browning, and one of the great mythic love stories began. Much of the love story occurred self-consciously on paper in the hundreds of letters that passed between the poets. In the end, even Robert and Elizabeth were picking through their romance and misquoting themselves.

Elizabeth Barrett's hesitancy was less maidenly reserve than a fear of hurting her father (a Victorian tyrant if not quite the ogre of the myth) and a dread of bringing disaster on anyone she loved, because five years before her brother had drowned while staying with her in Torquay. However, when Mr Barrett refused to let Elizabeth, aged 39, go to Pisa for her health, accompanied by her sisters, it began to look, even to a dutiful daughter, suspiciously like selfishness.

For those who do not already know Elizabeth Barrett's letters, she emerges here as a deal more interesting than Browning. Although she was willing to let Browning make the running and most of the decisions in the courtship, she had a sharp mind of her own. 'I thought you as wrong as possible,' she snaps when Browning defends the practice of duelling. Her description of the ransoming of Flush prompts Karlin to remark that she should have been a novelist. Karlin sums it up: 'Elizabeth Barrett's best letters remind you of Byron; Browning's of St Paul.'

Some of the conclusions strike me as forced, but it is in the main a well written and very perceptive study of a love affair that was as much a literary event as a private emotional experience.

**Sarah Lawson**

### A Million Jobs a Year

ANDREW GLYN *Verso* £1.50

Drawing on the success of the Attlee government in creating a million jobs a year between 1945 and 1948, Oxford economist Andrew Glyn sets out the case for 'A Plan for Full Employment', which, he argues, requires major constraints on the free market forces through the introduction of exchange controls to prevent the flight of investment capital abroad; a huge increase in public borrowing by obliging financial institutions to invest in government stock; price controls to hold inflation in check; the state direction of investment into industrial expansion; and import controls to prevent a runaway trade deficit.

To achieve these objectives, Glyn suggests, it would be necessary to enact a radical programme of social ownership and planning via the nationalisation of all major financial institutions; compulsory planning agreements with industrial enterprises; government and trade union access to company books; industrial democracy to socialise the boards of management; and the taking into public ownership of the 'commanding heights' of industry (up to 25 of the biggest firms which between them account for 50 per cent of Britain's commercial assets).

While this recipe for full employment is hard to fault, even a confirmed 'hard Left' activist like myself finds it difficult to accept that Glyn's recommendations for mass nationalisation and a centralised 'command' economy are feasible. There is, however, an alternative strategy which would achieve the same goals of social control and accountability and yet be far more electorally attractive and economically viable. That is a triple strategy of industrial democracy, trade union control of pension funds (both referred to by Glyn, but only in passing) and the transfer of share ownership into Workers' Share Funds along the lines of the Swedish 'Meidner Plan'.

By comparison with mass nationalisation, this strategy would transform power relations in both the public and *private* sectors, cost very little to implement, directly empower employees in the work place and thereby have far greater popular appeal. It's a great pity that these decentralised and participatory alternatives were not given greater prominence by Andrew Glyn.

**Peter Tatchell**

### Victorian Prison Lives

PHILIP PRIESTLEY *Methuen* £14.95

*Victorian Prison Lives* is an extremely thorough investigation of Victorian prison conditions and practices in which, so far as it is possible, Philip Priestley allows his sources to speak for themselves.

The firm conclusion is that the system was barbarous and inhumane. Priestley takes as his epigraph Wilde's comment, 'One is absolutely sickened, not by the crimes that the wicked have committed, but by the punishments that the good have inflicted.' The latter included the treadmill, breaking stone and picking oakum, separating the strands of 'old tarred ships' ropes, from an inch upwards in thickness'. As we know from *Oliver Twist* small children were hanged for trivial offences.

Prisoners' living conditions were intensely miserable. In many cells light was supplied through grills 'as grudgingly as food': hygiene was non-existent. The writer of *A Letter from a Convict*, quoted by Priestley, noted 'You grow sensible as the morning draws on, that you are in the midst of a great cess-pool.'

Extracts from letters, diaries and books of prisoners, warders, chaplains and governors, give unchallengable authenticity and authority to Priestley's account. His research has been exhaustive and the results are presented in a readable way which has a compelling and horrifying fascination. Victorian prisons were grisly institutions. Some still stand, little different from when they were built: the other meaning of the book's title holds good. Let us hope that in the next century another Priestley does not need to indict us for insensitivity and neglect in prison affairs.

**Brian Martin**

### The Collected Essays of Christopher Hill: Volume One: Writing and Revolution in 17th Century England

*Harvester* £28.50

Christopher Hill published his first articles and reviews in 1938. The essays in this volume consist of articles and lectures published during the last seven years and several rewritten reviews dating as far back as 1957. To be working at the coalface this far into your career is magnificent. What is offered does not display the concentration and consistency of Dr Hill's last book, *The Experience of Defeat*, but it does reveal the same pattern of mind, the same ability to popularise, fascinate and excite.

The framework is Hill's sense that the 17th century underwent simultaneous political, social (Puritan) and economic (middle-class) revolutions, and these contexts are brought to bear on several poets, dramatists and prose writers. At their best, such as the pieces on censorship and radical prose style, these essays show a powerful historical imagination coming to grips with problems which are only now being vaguely comprehended by literary historians. The detailed depiction of the conditions of publication and repression, the strategies adopted by writers to disguise their messages and the way in which censorship was used by both conservatives and radicals despite the relative freedom of the 1640s is vintage Hill.

The essays document a series of historical ironies seen through the author's wide perspectives. Aristocratic libertine Rochester and the Ranters share sceptical views, though they came to them in different ways. What survived the turmoil of the Interregnum was an Anglican, Protestant orthodoxy in some senses 'radical', but neither Papist nor Arminian nor sectarian. The victors of the new age are Pepys, diligent, moralising yet womanising, and Robinson Crusoe, tolerant of Catholics for the sake of his own wealth. The losers are outmoded cavaliers and ascetic Puritans.

Hill's critics accuse him of exaggerating the numerical importance of the radicals but that is to miss the point. These essays show the continuity between radical perceptions and those of the rest of English society.

**Nigel Smith**

*Note:* The Collected Essays of Christopher Hill: Volume Two: Religion and Politics in 17th Century England *has just been published by Harvester at £28.50.*



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**Struggle for success: detail from John Keane's 'Negotiators' (1985)**

## ART

# Showing off

John Spurling

**Critics Space 3**
*Air Gallery, 6 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1*
**Gallery Artists**
*Anthony d'Offay, 9 and 23 Dering Street, London W1*
**Whitechapel Open 1986**
*Whitechapel Gallery, until 16 February*
**Chris Baker**
*Paton Gallery, 2 Langley Court, London WC2*

IN JOHN KEANE'S large satirical painting 'The Emperor's New Pose', two men are struggling over a step-ladder in the foreground, while, behind, a third is examining art-works on the wall. The scene seems to be a gallery with a parquet floor and the figure facing us in the foreground — it's not clear whether he's trying to pull his companion off the ladder or to be pulled on to it himself — looks suspiciously like Bruce McLean, currently one of Britain's best as well as most successful international artists.

The gallery is certainly Anthony d'Offay's — McLean's Bond Street dealer and (with Leslie Waddington) one of the Tate's two leading suppliers of international contemporary art — since a caption up one side of the painting reads 'Doing for d'Offay: The Importance of Being Important' and two of the works caricatured on the wall behind are by fashionable d'Offay artists from Germany, Georg (Upside-Down) Baselitz and the recently dead Joseph (Wax and Felt) Beuys. The third is by an ex-d'Offay now Waddington man, the American Julian (Broken Crockery) Schnabel.

Beuys and Baselitz are both represented — though only by small works on paper — in a mixed, keep-the-gallery-warm show of d'Offay's international front-runners, **Gallery Artists**, which also includes an indifferent painting by McLean and a portrait of Schnabel by the Italian Francesco Clemente. There is nothing significant about the show in itself; however, it nicely demonstrates the context in which Keane and his six fellow-exhibitors in **Critics Space 3** at Air Gallery, a mile or two down-market of Bond Street, are operating. They may work at present in the East End docklands, renting studios found and converted by the admirable artists' support organisation, SPACE, but if and when they forsake the charitable umbrella of SPACE for the chic pavilions of SUCCESS and the relatively shady walls of AIR for a place in the sun at the Tate or some important international exhibition, it will most likely be because d'Offay or Waddington has picked them out. Fenella Crichton, the critic who has picked them out from some 250 applicants for this exhibition, sees no thematic link between them; but even if one ignores the obvious direction of Keane's thoughts and those of Simon Linke, who paints neat little black and white canvases reproducing the ads for smart artists and galleries from the pages of the American magazine *Art Forum*, the brash and strident showiness of all the exhibitors (I almost wrote exhibitionists) suggests they are more concerned to be seen than to see.

This is how Baselitz and Schnabel, Gilbert and George, Chia, Cucchi and Clemente make their mark up there in the bright lights; why shouldn't these hopefuls strum the same loud guitar? Of course the show was chosen by a critic and the unlovely impression it gives of a small walled-off community obsessed with its own narrow prospects may reflect the sad condition of being a critic rather than that of being an artist hungry for attention.

The artists in the **Whitechapel Open**, selected by three of the gallery's own staff from the same end of London — which, for its density of artists is the Montmartre or Chelsea of our day — are much more varied. There are, for one thing, 128 of them, including two of those at Air, chosen out of 1,034 applicants and, while a few are already established figures on the British art scene, if not quite on the international one symbolised by d'Offay's, others are clearly only in it for the art and not making any blatant claims to importance. It's not a particularly encouraging exhibition, given that it contains nothing worth a second visit, but it's well spaced and juxtaposed (why can't the Royal Academy at least do that for its cattle-trucks of exhibitors in the summer?) and intermittently entertaining.

**Chris Baker** also lives and works in East London. His work has always been a strange and teasing mixture of architectural motifs, hard-edge abstraction, *trompe l'oeil* spaces and what one can only call old London atmosphere (grime, fog, looming and ambiguous forms). His latest paintings — based, it seems, on visits to Greece and Berlin — are still mainly in shades of grey and brown, but have gained a fresh ambivalence between weight and flimsiness. Although they don't precisely depict castles, their primary motif is an indented form like a battlement and they suggest sets for a history or a tragedy, claustrophobic, obscurely threatening, but reassuringly capable at any moment of being flown out or falling flat. Baker, no doubt, like the exhibitionists (I should have said exhibitors) at Air, is making art about art, but the difference is that he has not settled for short cuts, has not left out the crucial process of looking and transforming. Without that process art becomes either the repetition of a stereotype or a branch of art-criticism. □

## THEATRE

# Two fingers

Benedict Nightingale

**Women Beware Women**
THOMAS MIDDLETON & HOWARD BARKER
*Royal Court*

ON THE FACE of it, it's not especially surprising to find Howard Barker enthusiastically collaborating with a playsmith who has been buried nearly 360 years. He has, after all, been called the most 'Jacobean' of his contemporaries, and not only for such superficial reasons as that he writes a lot about sex and upper-crust corruption and uses a weird, inflated prose-poetry when he does so.

The world of *Women Beware Women*, in which the men tend to regard women as a variety of property, troublesome but sensually gratifying to own, isn't altogether unlike the one Barker has sometimes suggested he and we are unlucky enough to inhabit. And yet of course the comparison *is* superficial, the collaboration *is* surprising. Consider what the most contemporary-seeming of Jacobeans, which Middleton hardly is, would think about



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social degree, hierarchies, lust, original sin, the question of whether individuals or an economic system are ultimately responsible for institutionalised injustice, God, divine retribution, damnation; then consider what Barker manifestly believes about those and many another matter; and you're unlikely to find two philosophies more dissimilar.

It's the marriage of fish and fowl; but, as you'd expect of so implausible a coupling, far from uninteresting in its creative results. The evening's first half is Middleton, severely trimmed and slightly rearranged. That's to say, the satanic Livia procures the newly-wed Bianca for the lecherous Duke of Florence, and equally slyly organises an incestuous affair between her brother Hippolito and his niece Isabella, encouraging the girl to marry a wealthy dimwit in order to avoid public discovery and scandal. Had Middleton been permitted to continue, the expected slaughters would soon have begun. The best part of the cast would have perished, much of it cut down by cupids with poisoned arrows at a court masque. As it is, the curtain falls on Livia's decision to slip into bed with Bianca's rejected husband, Leantio, and the Duke's determination to make an honest woman of Bianca herself — and, 15 minutes later, rises on an entirely different play, leading to quite another denouement.

The audience understandably tittered when Stevan Rimkus's Leantio, dressed only in his nightshirt, announced himself with an exuberant cry of 'we fuck the day to death' and went on to describe what he meant in unambiguous detail. It snickered again when Maggie Steed's Livia, similarly *déshabillé*, came to give him her emotional support, adding some patronising remarks about the little people in their little buses in the little streets below. But then it stopped laughing, settled down and allowed itself to succumb to the Barker style and the Barker vision, notwithstanding the anachronisms, notwithstanding the hardly less bizarre twists of plot and character. In Middleton's original the last word comes from the Duke's brother, the Cardinal, who informs us, over a pile of corpses, that 'two kings on one throne cannot sit together' and 'where lust reigns, a prince cannot reign long'. In Barker's adaptation, he renounces religion and morality and becomes just another cynical establishment toady, arguing that the royal 'fingering of flesh' distracts and entertains the plebs and so ensures tranquil government. Indeed, it's evident we're supposed to see a parallel between the Duke's courtship of the commoner Bianca, with all its attendant ado, and the not exactly underpublicised engagement and wedding of our very own Charles and Di.

More than that, courtly Florence now seems to be contemporary Britain in microcosm: a monarchy actually run by such finance-house oligarchs as Hippolito; a place of huddled masses, unemployment, violence on the streets and, so Barker suggests, potential revolution. And that brings us to his most audacious liberty with Middleton, the transformation of Livia from lady Machiavel into flaming radical. 'Middleton says lust leads to the grave,' explains Barker in the programme, 'I say desire alters perception'; and accordingly his heroine, as she's now surprisingly become, responds to her in-depth encounter with Leantio by plotting to liberate Bianca from her mercenary attachment to the Duke, overthrow the tyrant himself and bring change to a city she sums up as a 'hogheap, a ratpile, a dosserdom'. She manages it, too, with the help of one Sordido, who waylays the bride as she prepares to leave for the cathedral, takes her by force and leaves her husband-to-be humiliated and helpless, rejected at last by the sullied flesh, the spoiled goods he's still willing to marry. So to a deliberately unclear ending, in which Livia and Leantio may and may not assume power.

It would be easy, too easy to rubbish all this. It's wishful. It's implausible. It's almost as nonsensical at the denouement as Middleton's prototype. It also seems calculated to upset its friends, presenting (as it does) a rape as a useful catalyst, a desirable if painful means to a good end. Imagine what even a soft-core feminist would think of Livia's argument that 'the thing Bianca sells can just as well be stolen'. Are those who marry partly from self-interest really fair game for any passing sex-maniac? And is their reaction to violation likely to be that of Bianca, who acquires a new integrity, implores the bystanders to 'help me understand my needs' and argues that 'catastrophe is also birth', the inception of a new world?

It would be easy, too, to argue with the play's central tenet, which is that sexual desire, intensely expressed, has the power to redeem the politically lost, convert reactionaries into revolutionaries. Where's the evidence for this or, for that matter, the proof that there aren't rich, rewarding sex-lives to be found in High Tory bedrooms? Yet, as I've argued before, our theatre would be poorer without that moral *agent provocateur*, that verbal desperado, that imaginative incendiary, that creative terrorist, Howard Barker. Many things he decidedly isn't, from cool and balanced to authentically Jacobean. Many things he decidedly is, starting with unsettling, rising to stimulating and verging, at his most maniacally inventive, on the brain splintering. *Women Beware Women* doesn't really 'work', not in any conventional sense; but then it doesn't exactly intend to. It's a series of fiercely dissonant variations played on a grim 17th-century theme, as brave an artistic adventure as I've seen in ages. □

**Sibelius: Kullervo**
BERGLUND *EMI* EX 27 0336 3 (two LPs)
Previous versions of the *Kullervo* Symphony, including one conducted by Paavo Berglund, have never stayed long in the record catalogue. It is an unsatisfactory work, an attempt by the 25-year-old Sibelius to fuse Brucknerian symphonism with Wagnerian music drama, but the first movement in particular contains some expansive, organic orchestral writing, while the almost operatic *scena* that makes up the central movement demonstrates one direction that Sibelius in his maturer works refused to follow. There is a *Walküre*-like ecstasy about the duet for the hero Kullervo and his lover-sister which Sibelius chose never to reactivate. Berglund has been almost the lone champion of the work in recent years and this performance, part of his Sibelius cycle with the Helsinki Philharmonic, has the power and dark commitment associated with his style. With a pair of well matched Finnish soloists (surely essential for these vocal lines) this promises to be the definitive version for a long time to come.

**Sibelius: Songs**
FLAGSTAD *Decca* 414 443-1
Sibelius's extensive output of songs has suddenly become fashionable, but Kirsten Flagstad recorded a selection of 14 with the London Symphony Orchestra under Oivin Fjeldstad in 1958, long before the current interest, and at a time when Sibelius's music was entering the eclipse that followed his death. Flagstad was then 63, well past her vocal prime by all conventional standards. It would be hard to guess her age from the glorious sounds here, while the total identification with the idiom and the meaning are as overwhelming as ever. Several of Sibelius's finest and best known songs are included; most of the orchestrations are the composer's own and excellently played by the LSO. A black mark, though, to Decca for not including translations of the Swedish texts or even of the titles of the songs themselves; but if ever a disc deserved reissue it was this.

**Liszt; The Legend of St Elisabeth**
JOO *Hungaroton* SLPD 1294-96 (three LPs)
Every country seems to have its own fiercely guarded choral work that remains almost a closed book to non-nationals: Britain has Elgar's *Gerontius* and Hungary Liszt's *St Elisabeth*, part oratorio, part sacred music-drama, which took a decade to complete. As always with such national treasures the work is uneven; its hybridity causes some disconcerting changes of gear and lapses of inspiration. The six tableaux that make up the structure are bound together by Wagnerian leitmotifs, but the characterisation is less convincing and, as a music drama, it sometimes fails to catch fire. There are, though, many striking effects: Liszt could not have written almost three hours of music without creating some memorable passages. The cast contains some of Hungary's fine crop of singers led by Eva Marton, though some loose ends could have been tied in by the conductor.

**Andrew Clements**



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**'Alpine Buddhist' Azusa Mano and defiant Tatsuya Nakadai in *The Empty Table***

**FILMS**

# Breaking the code

John Coleman

**The Empty Table** (PG)
*Academy Two*
**Streetwise** (18)
*Screen on the Green*
**Spies Like Us** (PG)
*Warner West End*

MASAKI KOBAYASHI is not afraid to take his, and our, time: how eloquently this may pay off was displayed, once and for all, as far back as his intimately epic anti-war trilogy, the 1959-61 *The Human Condition*. And in films like *Rebellion, Harakiri* and *Kaseki* the notion of one man's bucking the moral and spiritual system — no light matter in a society as rigidly coded as Japan — was variously explored.

With **The Empty Table**, a 143-minute tale that narrowly avoids melodrama, this risk-taking master examines the tight-lipped plight of a successful electronics engineer, Nobuyuki Kidoji (perfectly played by Tatsuya Nakadai, no stranger to samurai roles for Kurosawa), when his elder son — one of a group of left-wing terrorists — is arrested and imprisoned in the early Seventies after carnage at a mountain hide-out where hostages were being held and the group had massacred some of their own people. In the normal, i.e. ritual, course of events, Kidoji would have accepted full responsibility for his son's crimes, made public apologies to friends and colleagues, might even have resigned and/or committed suicide. Instead, he holds grimly firm to an ethic less feudal: the son, as he has told him in an earlier chat, is responsible for himself: 'Whatever you do is right.'

When what the lad does turns out so disastrously wrong, Kidoji effectively disowns him, letting others make jail visits, enduring the shocked hysteria of his wife and daughter (the younger son is more relaxed: 'Sundays are boring,' he says, lounging out after one family bust-up), staying on at his job, imperturbable.

Cracks quickly appear in the home fabric, which is incidentally a solid, split-level house, ideal for the in-depth and statuesque posing of characters used by Kobayashi to enormous effect. Wife Yumiko's flailing lapse into madness, smashing a fish-tank and trying to eat the fish, shatters more than glass: it is magnified into shocking pathos since it breaks through a prevailing stillness and formality. A mental hospital and suicide are her fate. The daughter, Tamae, suffers an almost immediate broken engagement: only thanks to the wiles of her aunt and Kidoji's sister-in-law, the attractive businesswoman he should have married, svelte Kiwa (Shima Iwashita), does she finally get her fiancé back, at the humiliation to her father of renouncing his name in favour of the aunt's. (Some shadyish blackmail by that fiancé of his powerful senator uncle lends near-comic relief to the resultant marriage.) The seasons pass, named on screen like titles from Ozu films; images slide back and forth in time seamlessly, with different voices-over linking, reminiscing or uttering unspoken thoughts; through the 'bad' son's lawyer, Kidoji learns there was a girl pregnant by him before the mountain shoot-out.

More importantly, there is another girl, first encountered on a trip near a shrine: cheery, haversacked Kanae (beautiful Azusa Mano), who announces herself as 'here studying Alpine Buddhism'. Truly the ways of the Orient retain an often delightful strangeness. Later, when much seems lost to apparently stoic, certainly bereaved Kidoji, she calls on him, bringing a 'portrait' of him done by her brother: a symbolic fresco lion pierced by arrows; and she offers her love, touchingly, urging him to revive that inner lion. This is merely one of the many incidents where melodrama looms, a gesturing sentimentality; but the threat is pretty steadily warded off by subtle and lyrical and astringent imagery. Trust the pictures and the story is purged.

Four years on: and terrorists hijack a plane, the government yields to their demands, the long-imprisoned son (with a reluctant admiration for his father's stand throughout) chooses another country rather than await trial. At which lone Kidoji — he has ruefully rejected Kanae — himself is terribly torn but will do nothing to intervene. His younger son turning up trumps, they drive to watch the elder's plane to a dubious freedom fly off into clouds: and there is a coda as Kidoji visits a farm, discreetly garnering a glimpse of his little grandson and the tot's mother, his bad seed's bequest. It is a film in the Japanese family-tragedy tradition, with its own peculiar twist and flavour.

A world away lies Pike Street, Seattle, the main haunt of the mostly juvenile runaways and throw-aways of Martin Bell's impressionistic, packed and extraordinarily potent documentary, **Streetwise**. Originating in a *Life* magazine article by photographer Mary Ellen Mark and writer

## Recommended viewing

*A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds*

**Dreamchild** Carroll-Dodgson's Alices — fictions, fantasy and fact — collide in scintillating cinema first for Gavin Millar, polishing every facet of original Dennis Potter script. Old Mrs Hargreaves, née Liddell (superb Coral Browne), has bad, lyric, macabre 1932 centenary NY trip, memory's whirligig halting on late-learned love (Ian Holm, Amelia Shankley).

**A Chorus Line** Richard Attenborough's valiantly rewarded and rewarding shot at screening the impossible: an audience-participation stage musical. Choreographically updated by Jeffrey Hornaday, it combines exuberant dance, a good song or three, with edgy dialogue. Showbiz loving itself, but for once so what? (Vicki Frederick, Audrey Landers).

**Defence of the Realm** Fumes of menace rise from David Drury's corrosive if erratic political chiller, written by Martin Stellman, reflecting current home-based concerns. Hoodwinked into disgracing awkward MP, tabloid reporter redemptively opens can of worms as Special Branch hovers (Gabriel Byrne, Denholm Elliott, Greta Scacchi).



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Cheryl McCall, who both worked on this question-raising fizzer, boiled down from 56 hours of film and 26 hours of recorded commentary, it gets in closer than seems conceivable to the bruised knuckles, sidewalk squalor and bed-around lives of nine 'subjects', who exhale a rotten *and* chirpy reality foreign to, say, Spheeris's *Suburbia*. From Tiny, a 14-year-old prostitute with gamine grin and drunk ma (she on daughter: 'It's just a phase she's going through right now'), through spunky, undersized Rat (17) who eats out of dumpsters (garbage containers) and Shadow (18) who's a 'playboy', not a pimp, and Lulu, a burly lesbian in an ALCATRAZ cap, to a jailed arsonist dishing out advice to son DeWayne (16) — DeWayne kills himself — the abused facts of life flow. An appalling tract, but what happens when the cameras and all go away? How much *do* we care?

As for Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd in John Landis's consistently botched **Spies Like Us**, it's a damn good thing that spies do, because I *hated* them. □

## MUSIC

# Ooooh, Norman

Jon Savage

*A blue wedge is being driven against Billy Bragg & Co*

A COUPLE OF DAYS after two of the country's leading groups — the Smiths and New Order — had played a benefit in Liverpool in support of that city's Labour Council, and a week or so after the final concert in the first series of Red Wedge events, the British Music Industry staged its own fightback against a creeping Red cancer. Its secret weapon? Why, Norman Tebbit.

The occasion of this drastic surgery was the staging of the annual BPI awards, held in London's Grosvenor Park Hotel. As the British Phonographic Institute is the established music industry's official body, the event was as self-congratulatory as you might expect, yet its framing displayed current music industry fantasies of how it sees itself, and how it would like to be seen by public and politicians alike.

The music industry would now like to think that it has moved on from those seedy beginnings on the fringes of established showbusiness that are celebrated in films like *Expresso Bongo* (although, when BPI President Maurice Oberstein appeared in a schoolboy's cap, I paused to wonder) and from the shock to the system it sustained, briefly, during Punk Rock. It is now grown-up, responsible, adult, able to take on Charity work like Live Aid and, most of all, it is a serious dollar earner.

This spectacle, consequently, was peppered either with Pop Stars behaving like nice young businesspersons, thanking their mums and dads, management and record companies, or with endless statistics from the preening Schoolmaster of Ceremonies, Noel Edmonds. Just as the most frequently quoted statistic about Live Aid is not the amount of money raised, but the number of people who watched it on television, so we were informed, several times, that this event was being watched by 100 million people all over the world; just as we were told that a half of the American number ones this year had been British, so were the awards concentrated on acts like Tears For Fears, or Phil Collins, who had sold most in America.

Seen from this angle — a more accurate reflection of prevailing music-industry attitudes than most pop ideologues would care to admit — the music industry appears to dovetail only too well with government ideas and policies about Enterprise Culture and the Future of Leisure. It's all there: a highly competitive, patchily unionised industry; the celebration of success as a guiding principle; the subjugation to the almighty dollar; the staging of spectacles whose content decreases in direct proportion to the number of people who attend. The function of music here is exactly like that of a new type of car: it must accord to expectations, but must contain enough modernity of detail to satisfy the inbuilt consumer demand for change.

Within this context, Tebbit's appearance was hardly surprising and quite a propaganda coup. Heralded, as were all guests, by a snatch of music — his was 'Norman', a candyfloss 1962 hit by Carol Deene — Tebbit took the stage to present a 'special' BPI award to Elton John and Wham for playing — and thus opening up the markets of — Russia and China respectively. He celebrated, in his usual charmless style, the international competitiveness of the music industry: 'I wish the car industry could be the same.' When he began to talk about 'the less fortunate', I wondered whether this was the public unveiling of the new 'caring' Conservatives; but no, he was talking about those poor people in Communist countries who couldn't freely enjoy music.

As Tebbit lurked behind Wham, I was reminded of Peter Watkins's flawed 1967 fantasy, *Privilege*, shown on Channel 4 the week before. In the film a pop star is used by the government of the day to shore up a cynical regime. Despite the talk of 'freedom', 'the people' and 'enjoyment' that was bandied about, it was clear that the music industry has firmly nailed its political colours to the Tory mast. It will be interesting to see how those who are attempting to encompass some sort of idealism from within the industry rise to this challenge. □

**Among this week's contributors:**

**Jon Savage** writes regularly for *The Face* and is working on a book about the Sex Pistols for Faber.

**Colin Greenland**'s novel *Daybreak on a Different Mountain* was published last year by Allen & Unwin.

# Market

## Naseem Khan

IF I HAD to give a working description of hell, it'd probably be something very like Bournemouth's International Centre: a vast new pile perched on the edge of the sea, sumptuous sea vistas through the acres of plate glass but no need actually to go out and encounter them, for all human life is there inside this dry, warm box — food, sport, entertainment, booze — without the disadvantages of changing weather.

You will pardon the slightly overdone tone of this introduction. Two days of Entertainment '86 lead one into excess. For it is, without exception, the most fascinating, absurd and contradictory event in the annual calendar of leisure and the arts. Under one roof (Bournemouth's this year) you can find side by side the promoters and the technicians, the would-be stars and star-makers, civic chiefs and variety pundits. For an arts journalist it's a great corrective. No one talks of the art of the arts: here it's business and practicality, bums on seats and bodies through turnstiles.

Entertainment '86 is essentially a trade fair. Its 154 stalls set out products as diverse as Eastbourne Borough Council, Knowles Cosmetics, Hairy Harry ('Find out about a deal you can not turn away') and Operetta for All. Look down on the big hall from the upper gallery and it looks and sounds like a busy shopping precinct (which it is). Stalls stretch out in long intersecting lines (the aisles called grandly for this occasion Sunset Boulevard, Drury Lane and so on): some grand, some incredibly boring, some plain perfunctory. The light entertainment kings like the youthful Brian Shaw turn their spaces into comfy offices — no counters, just carpeted space with easy chairs, fridges for drinks, low tables. Sensible Footwear, the feminist theatre group, on the other hand, have just left a pile of leaflets on a ledge. But there are no obvious winners here. Zippo the Clown's real car (a 20-minute fun sequence ending in explosion will cost you £225) has no more visitors than RITA's dull rank of box office computers. The crowd round the exhibits is a busy, noisy one, constantly on the move; people wander about looking dazed, clutching armfuls of promotional material, with the air of those who've just found themselves signing up for a lifetime's supply of stage make-up. 'There's a lady over there giving out plastic bags,' one laden man says to his mate. The bags are decorated with large Smurfs, courtesy of National. The Smurfs are much in evidence at Bournemouth. Watch out or their little blue furry bodies will bump against you in the aisles. They've got competition. A few disconsolate clowns wait around to be noticed, but Denby the Robot wins hands down. A life-sized tin thing with flashing eyes he trundles



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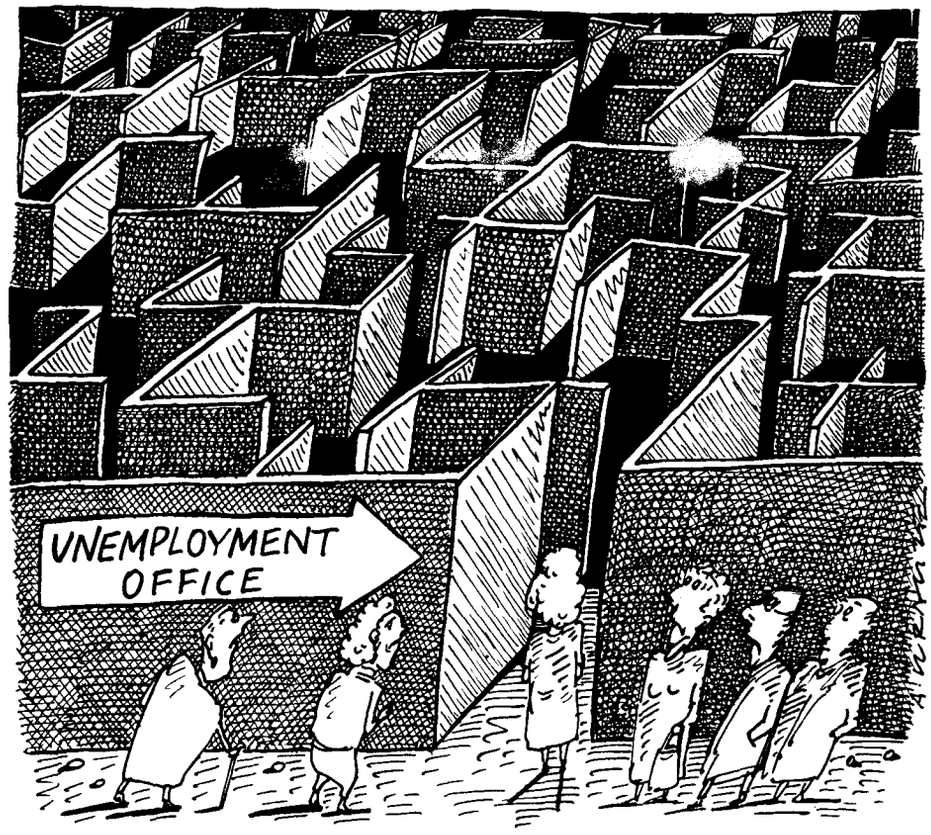
round, with his own promotional leaflets, making louche comments in a K9 voice. 'Now-for-the-big-love-scene,' he says precisely, as he rolls up to the giggling girls on the Gilder Bonello stand, 'I'm-going-to-throw-myself-on-your-knee.' But this is a family show, and he does nothing so crude.

The day wears on. The smiles get more set. Stalls start to look disgusting with empty wine glasses and curling white sandwiches. On a dais in the north-west corner, Tim Batt — cabaret juggler supreme — has started his act watched by a crowd of appreciative punters. A neat performer with a panic-stricken grin that has the small crowd rooting for him, he does better than busker J. C. Waller who follows him. Waller is less safe, makes the audience feel a bit silly: has his volunteer holding spinning plates in both hands and then unzips his flies to insert a stick holding a third spinning plate. There are sickly grins in the crowd.

For, despite the increased presence of the Fringe, with Batt, Alternative Arts, Janet Smith and others, this is a very straight gathering. Look at the gear — dark business suits and old-fashioned ties. Look at the division of the sexes. Impeccable women act mainly as back-up on the stands — high-heeled, well-coiffured, highly made up, highly efficient. The men are still the bosses and the buyers. Go upstairs and you'll find them even more in evidence at the seminars that intersperse the day. 'Culture and Commerce', 'Is Light Entertainment being left out in the Cold?', 'Lighting for Entertainment'. Of the 20 speakers, not a single one was a woman. Nor are many of the audience women either.

It is hardly surprising that it is rumoured that Sensible Footwear took off in horror on the first day, leaving their publicity behind them. Not surprising (if true), but a mistake. For this — as Alternative Arts, for instance, knows — is where the future lies. Indeed it's where the audiences lie, with grey-suited men with expense account figures and whole cities in their back pockets. It's with local authority promoters looking desperately for 'products' — 'There is no product' was the constant cry heard at Bournemouth. It's with the new large-scale plans, like Birmingham's new criteria for outside entertainment, explained cogently by its head of Events Organisation, Philip D. Deighton. 'We're in the commercial world,' said Michael Quine of the City University in his talk. 'And we have to work with the commercial world, rather than hiding away from it.'

The new realism — both philistinism and challenge — emerged clearly as a theme from the talks and discussions I attended over two of the event's three days. Adapt or go to the wall, said Derek Block, the promoter, brutally. 'I saw a man from Sadler's Wells on television this morning,' he said derisively. 'He was crying his eyes out — the Arts Council wouldn't give him £30,000 to keep this wonderful bunch of people together.' What a wally, he implied. So, what future lies ahead for Stephen Remington of the Wells and his ilk, or indeed for all the rest of us as ordinary consumers? The answers from Bournemouth had a Thatcheristic ring to them, but I'll come back to them next week . . . □




Andrzej Krauze

Annette Critik

# Delayed claim

DOWN AT THE Unemployment Office nothing had changed since my last visit: same dirty floor and grimy walls, same disillusioned faces on my side of the counter, bored, officious expressions on the other side. But one thing *was* different about this morning; I wasn't only going to 'sign on' in the time-honoured fashion; I wanted to make a 'delayed claim' and felt rather nervous as I'd never done so before and didn't know what to expect.

After waiting ten minutes, I signed in the usual way and asked for a delayed claims form. The counter assistant told me they were next door. I went to the office she indicated and waited for ten minutes. There was no bell to ring and no one appeared, so I cleared my throat and coughed; still no one. I said 'excuse me' loudly, once, then twice. A woman appeared and I asked for a delayed claims form. I was told they were next door. I said I'd been told by the counter assistant next door they were here. She then said, 'Why do you want one, anyway?' I took a deep breath and said I wanted to make a delayed claim. The woman frowned, asked me why, then said I wouldn't get it.

I asked to speak to the supervisor; another ten-minute wait. The woman who appeared was drawing heavily on a cigarette and blew smoke in my face before she said sharply, 'What do you want?' I explained there had been a gap of three weeks when I returned to London from Devon when I hadn't been 'signing on', and that I would like to make a delayed claim for that period. The woman said: 'You won't get it, so I won't give you the form.' I said I might not get it but I'd like to try as I'd been told it was my right. I then asked if she was the supervisor and she said no, the supervisor didn't see anyone. Then she said, blowing smoke in my face again, 'The forms are next door, but they won't give you one because you're not entitled to any money.' I went back to the office next door.

I stood in the queue at the counter marked 'enquiries' and hoped it was the right one. I looked at my watch; an hour had elapsed since I'd entered the building. Everyone seemed to be smoking and I started to cough. Another long wait and I was at the counter. But the assistant vanished. What was it about me that drove counter assistants away? Did I have bad breath? I coughed and looked at my watch. 'Excuse me,' I tried to waylay a hurrying figure behind the counter but she disappeared. Ten minutes ticked by — I timed it — before another assistant appeared.

'Excuse me, I have a dental appointment to keep. May I see the manager?' The woman paused; she actually smiled. 'What do you want?' 'I'd like a delayed claims form.' She hesitated and blinked. 'Well, I don't know about that.' I felt my patience wearing thin. 'May I see the manager?' 'Well, yes, I suppose so.' I was ushered behind the counter, up two flights of stairs, then along a depressing corridor.

A small, grey man nodded at me from behind a large desk. 'Sit down, please,' he said. I sat. He indicated my Sanyo walkman. 'If that



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thing's on turn it off please. I don't want this interview recorded.' I smiled for the first time that day. 'It isn't on,' I said truthfully. In fact it didn't have a microphone and contained only an old Joni Mitchell tape.

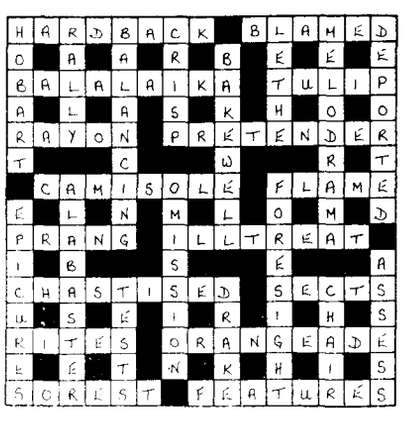
'What can I do for you?' 'I've been trying to get a delayed claims form and I've been directed to the wrong office, and been refused three times. Why?' He fiddled with a pen. 'I can't comment, not knowing the details,' he said. 'I'm telling you the details,' I replied. He looked at something above my head and mumbled what sounded like 'stretched resources'. 'I'm sorry, I didn't hear what you said,' I put my hand to my ear. 'Unemployment does things to people,' he said. 'My staff are doing all they can, they're under a lot of pressure.' The phone rang and I rose to leave. He put the phone down. 'Unemployed people can be very demanding,' he said. 'What's that supposed to mean?' I asked. 'All I want is a delayed claims form. Why don't you leave them on the counter?' The manager rose and opened the door for me. 'You'll be given a form on your way out.'

The young woman who had shown me to the manager's office gave me a form with the warning: 'You probably won't get it. Hardly anyone ever gets a delayed claim.' I just looked at her. 'Why not leave them on the counter and save my time and yours?' She looked shocked. 'Oh we couldn't do that, they'd be misused.' Misused? I tried to think how and my imagination failed.

As I left the office, I looked at my watch. Two and a half hours had passed since I'd entered the Department of Employment. Had it been a waste of time? It felt like it.

However, a week later I received a giro payment of £87.78p. □

**Solution to 1506**



**Prizewinners to 1506**

T.E. Bradbury (Sheffield)
Richard Eastall (Cambridge)
Mrs M.B.A. Taylor (Dumbarton)

**New Statesman Research Directory**

This has been postponed and will not now appear in our issue dated 7 March. Enquiries to David Jones on 01-251 5487.

## TELEVISION

# Hugo Williams
# Triumph

I SHOULDN'T LIKE to meet either of the current Miles Copelands on a dark night. The CIA insider is probably past his umbrella-contract days, but the Police drummer's older, entrepreneurial brother is descending like a wolf on the fold these days, eye-teeth a glimmer. He's slightly to the right of Margaret Thatcher. He's that dangerous thing, an American who loves England. 'I think the British are *unbelievably* greedy,' he assured us on **My Britain** (C4), offering the highest praise he knew. 'Britain has got a vast resource of greed and talent, but there has to be a basic positivism . . .'

It wasn't so much Copeland's hyper-Thatcherism — that's endemic to the record business — as his awful enthusiasm for us — the swinging tycoon on a working holiday in 'Eurp' — that turned the stomach. Copeland sat astride his immaculate Triumph Bonneville and complimented British workmanship. 'Thirty years ago . . . Today . . . Japanese, etc.' Did we know what he'd tried to do for our wonderful ailing British motorbike industry? He'd been to Triumph and said, Look, I've got a group here (he's a producer) that're going to be *enormous*. I'm spending half a million on publicity — posters, t-shirts, PR, concessions — and I want my boys to appear astride Triumph motorbikes for the occasion. What do you say? The manager at Triumph is just wondering whether the band has a brass section by any chance when he realises that Copeland is trying to score some buckshee choppers for himself and his friends. I wonder what his smile looked like as he forced Copeland to sigh again for a country that has come to the end of its interest in jamming up the world with metal things? It was (you may say) satisfactory.

Like a lot of Yanks, Copeland thinks Brits are cool. They make his eyes shine. 'Britain has got the best youth culture in the world,' he slobbered, as if this were a weight-lifting contest. 'Who cares about the German or French pop scene?'

The programme set up a row between Copeland and 'one of my more unruly bands', Lords of the New Church. The band's unruly image-leader, Stiv Bators, had been summoned to the master's archly non-feudal-looking desk-top to answer accusations of uncreativity, unrehearsedness and general indifference beyond the call of cool. 'I have a problem,' said Copeland. 'My staff tell me you haven't been to the rehearsal room once since I've been away and you haven't written *one* new song.' Despite his mid-length hair, Copeland looked exactly like Matron making her rounds with her bowel-movement clip-board. What? No new lumps of vinyl to recycle? Enema-time ahoy! Now how would *they* feel if they'd purchased all this lavatory-time for someone with absolutely NO result after a YEAR?

Stiv had probably been told he could lose his cool a little bit this once, as it was only a PR scam, but he couldn't be bothered. He had a morale problem, he said. No one downstairs liked his music. He couldn't get them on the phone. The finances weren't clear and he'd had to have a shouting match with Tony the other day. Now they'd been thrown out of their flat . . . This was all Copeland needed. Stiv had lit the adrenalin-soaked touch-paper leading from Miles's numbered bank account to his subconscious. 'You have the audacity to *have* a morale problem,' he hurled. 'You guys should be busting your arse to please us guys after what we done for you . . .'

Brother Stuart, lantern-jawed Police member, had been to Liverpool, he said, and there were white piccaninnies on the street up there. 'They stare at you blankly. They have no hope and no future . . .' It must have sounded like promising Top-of-the-Pops material to Miles who dug up a scouse band called The Farm for our interest. Was this a wise choice of property, given the Dylan song? Of course it was. Manipulators like Copeland know very well that over on the left is the correct position for a new group to perform from early on; they'll move centre-stage-right soon enough as their act develops and the cash-flow lubricates their political awareness. For the moment, The Farm were the acceptable face of everything. If unrestricted free enterprise was the answer, they wanted to know, how come it hadn't worked in the past? And if Miles had all the answers why didn't he go back home and become President and fix the world's ills? Well, there was someone doing it there already, wasn't there?

It was left to Richard Branson, England's tycoon of teen, to explain to Miles why his panacea had better not work, if only for his own sake. 'England leads the world in music because of one major thing. The Dole. Instead of having to go to work or waste their time playing covers of hits at the Holiday Inn like American bands, they can sit at home and develop their music in peace.' This was the reason Miles could rush around Branson's Virgin Megastore seeing how many of 'his' albums he could collect in five minutes and come up with enough to keep him in motorbikes for a very long time. It was also the reason for Branson's megastore.

There may be another reason why the English are good at pop. They never liked European classical music, but, in 1956, were presented with the Black American alternative and grabbed it with both hands. I think its European-ness is why **Sweeney Todd** (BBC2) failed on Drury Lane and not, as its composer Stephen Sondheim tried to make out in his preamble, that the British were too sophisticated to like his non-send-up interpretation of the play.

I did my best to tune my ears to the TV corner on Saturday evening, but the sub-classical instrumentation, arbitrary recitative and footling operatic filler-passages found me sticking in last summer's snap-shots at the dining-table with a greater sense of horror and apprehension than poor George Hearn could wring from the score, despite his flared hairpiece and Frankenstein's monster approach to movement. □



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# Weekend competition

**No 2911** **Set by Di Dact**

New children's songs wanted, suitable for skipping or clapping or ball-throwing, using familiar rhythms but updating the words to reflect current public affairs or social mores. By 27 February.

**No 2908** **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Love letters between oddly matched fictional characters.

**Report** **By Mercy Dash**

Norman, Benson, Macintyre, Poole, Prince, Nicholson and Bellenger, as well as those whose entries are printed (for them one pound for each card in the suit of hearts and a copy of Penguin's *Book Quiz Book*), almost revive my admittedly very battered faith in the possibilities of unlikely liaisons.

Dear Mellows,

Forgive my forwardness but I can contane myself no longer. I have long admired your musclar frame from a far in Aunt Constance's woods.

Since being marrid to Bernard the magic is gone. I thouhgt him so manley when he proposed but he is not manley at all. I know you are manley because once I peaped in the window of the little cottige and saw you doing it with Aunt Constance. I think Uncle Clifford is not manley but it is not his fault it was a peice of shrapnle.

O Mellows I am driven to destraction by your ripling body. Let us meat in the cottige and do it together.

Rispectfully yours,
Ethel Clark (nee Monticu)

NOEL PETTY

Dear Miss Ophelia,

Taken the liberty — couldn't resist — Read about you — Elsinore, no good — Wondered — Why not an honest chap — like me? Devil take Hamlet — scoundrel, must be — Wasting your time — Then Losing Pa — tragic, surely! — Now behind arras — Swish! then a goner — too bad — sad, very — Don't take to heart Ophelia — take mine — Devoted, certainly — faithful as a Spaniel — lovely dog — big ears — rare bites . . .

Bachelor — tallish — Prospects — now improved — Friend staking me — Tickets to Australia — You'll like — New Country — kangaroos, plenty — dry — Denmark damp — rheumatism rampant — Like change — certain — Don't jump in lake — jump in my arms — protective — become Mrs Alfred Jingle — Say 'Yes' — waiting — bags packed — anxious — very!

Alfred Jingle
PASCOE POLGLAZE

Dere Mme Bovary,

I take my humbel pen in hand to xpress my grate regard and invite you to my present dweling viz. St. Custard's chiz chiz. Surrounded as I am by Masters prunes and gerunds, yore impressive beauty and comand of the fr. subjunctive would add a certain je ne sais qoui (grammer) to my bleke dorm.

Also, Peason sa to tell you, there is a piano on wich you can tinkel, xtensive grounds to blub in and 300 boys starved of cultural contackt.

Yore passionate (hem hem) admirer
Nigel Molesworth esq.

PS Could you bring some of yore arsenic as Fotherington-Thomas is partic. trubblesome at the moment.

LISSA EVANS

Revered Mr Collins,

I am infernally grateful for your amoral missile which I shall entomb in my besom until we shall meet again.

Please expose my gratification to your mobile patriarch, Lady Catherine, for the general condiments which she has ravished upon me. Her comprehension is much depreciated by your infectious fiasco.

Rest insured, Dear Mr Collins, that I look forward with eager participation to our impeding onion when I shall have the facility to share your compendious vicariate.

I trust then to be intermittently prevented to Her Ladyship so that I may persistently exhume my gratitude for her generality.

I remain, your ever-loving,

M Malaprop (Mrs)
HAZEL STANLEY

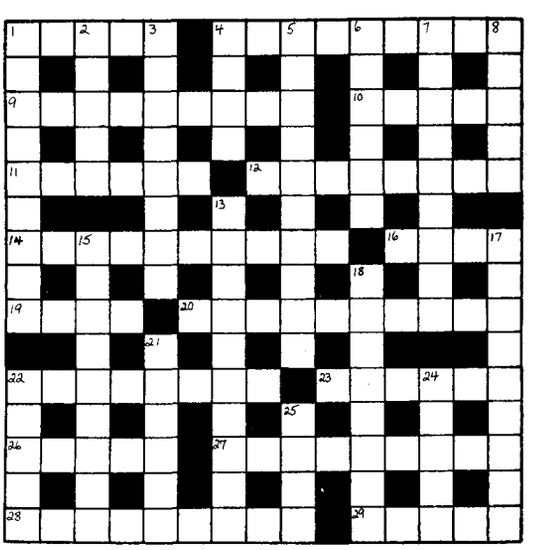
O'er the yellow-blossom'd gorse
Flies a knight without his horse,
In vest of red. What magic force
Propels him on this dazzling course?
(Much more fun than Lancelot).

Superman, I love thee dearly,
Though my heart stopped when you nearly
Crashed among the bearded barley.
Till I die, I am, sincerely
Yours — the Lady of Shalott.

ALISON PRINCE

# Weekend Crossword 1508

**PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1508, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 25 February.**



Name_____

Address_____

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ACROSS

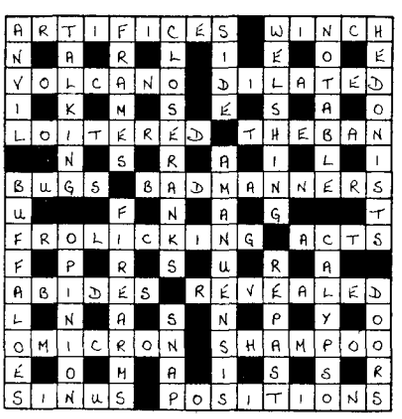
1. Struggles to utter last words after anaesthetic (5)
4. Sprang back although tied up in a plant (9)
9. A sailor returns to his love by the turbulent main, and this is the loved one (9)
10. Physical exercise may do for a nut (5)
11. The member had a dinner for the ambassador (6)
12. Lovely woman found among the talented (8)
14. Asian money spent on dressing (10)
16. Pull back for protection (4)
19. Look for custom for everything (4)
20. Among the newly-weds love advertisements make powerful attacks (10)
22. Soldiers return with a strange thing used for taking observations (8)
23. One asset distributed by the rest (6)
26. A wise man would give society these values (5)
27. Entertainer pranced about after thanks had been given (9)
28. The one who wins extra distinction is a contractor (9)
29. Relaxed when a seed is put out (5)

DOWN

1. Bird having uneasy feelings about most of the fruit (9)
2. Kind of speech given in a bogus language (5)
3. Noticing there is a drug in the poison injector (8)
4. About time to study (4)
5. Food makes the spirit break (6,4)
6. Judge who brings wrath to a conservative politician (6)
7. Put the council in the water and it will provide protection from the wet (9)
8. Poet who occupies one point in time (5)
13. Not going up after fighting for a place (10)
15. Yes, go and turn rough as a child (9)
17. Became very gloomy when a man got married (9)
18. Sound of breathing which makes a creature angry (8)
21. Queen who sounds like someone who throws up (6)
22. Brush and what to do with it (5)
24. Strikes and shares (5)
25. Strikes up a fight (4)

SETSQUARE

**Solution to 1507**



**Prizewinners to 1507**

G. B. McKenna (Norwich)
W. Pugh (Westbury, Wilts.)
Margaret Rüdlinger (Askam in Furness)

**See opposite for solution and prizewinners to Crossword 1506.**



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## LITERARY

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## APPOINTMENTS

**astms** **'Relief' Divisional Officer**

Applications are invited for the post of 'relief' Divisional Officer. The commencing salary will be **£14,242.02** p.a. increasing to **£14,692.02** p.a. The position will be subject to a probationary period. All applicants must have at least two years membership of a bona fide trade union.

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**Application forms are obtainable from the General Secretary, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES. The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is Friday 21st March 1986.**

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Application Form and job description available from:
Archie MacMillan, Assistant Secretary, Variety Department, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB (01) 637 9311

Closing date 3 March 1986

**CAMPAIGNS OFFICER (EEC)**

The World Development Movement, Britain's main pressure group on Third World issues, which is supported by the major churches and development agencies, has a new post of Campaigns Officer to work on issues such as trade where the EEC determines the UK policy.

Applicants must have proven commitment to the work of voluntary development agencies. Salary scale **£8,448 - £10,520.**

**Full details, job description and application form, returnable by 14 March 1986, from WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA. (01-836 3672).**

**ELECTION AGENT WANTED** for forthcoming *general election to help serious candidate* treble his 1983 vote in Hove. Write: T. A. Layton, Spare the Earth Party, 7 Lancaster Court, Kingsway, Hove. N7.36

**OV SELECTION** have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

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**Guy Austin, c/o SERA, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG**
**Tel. 01-439 3749**
**Closing date 28 Feb. 1986**

**Candidates must be able to start by 7 April.**

# PERSONAL

**HELP WANTED** – thought, time, money – for serious, practical holistic and nutritional health support work. Brief contact with phone number. Box (07)2419. N7.1

**RECENTLY RETIRED** academic, male 59, visiting S. France May/June, to improve fluency of the language. Wishes to contact person, male or female with similar interests. Travel by train and gentle cycling. Box (07)2380. N7.3

**WOMAN, 34,** divorced, with daughter (6), would like to share house or flat with garden, with similar. Wembley/Harrow or any adjacent area. Box (07)2381. N7.2

# HEARTSEARCH

**ACTOR, MUSICIAN,** writer, smoker, broke, young 35, witty, fit, not ugly, own teeth (just), seeks similar (or different) woman, for uncertain future involving love and babies. Box (07)2418. N7.5

**ADVENTUROUS, ANCIENT** Mariner, quasi-polymath, fit, active, presentable, invites appealing, intelligent, untied (possible distressed) damsel, musical/ecological interests, to attractive Home Counties country retreat. Photographs exchanged, returned. Genuine. Box (07)2406. N7.6

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**BEAUTIFUL & BRILLIANT** I'm not, but attractive, almost intelligent, humorous lady, early 20s I am! Interested in arts, music, countryside, learning. I seek a mature, attractive, caring man for friendship/relationship. Photo please. Derbyshire/anywhere. Box (07)2383. N7.8

**BRISTOL: ATTRACTIVE,** lively-minded woman, late forties, professional background, would like to meet companionable, professional man, similar age, view permanent relationship. Box (07)2370. N7.9

**COVENTRY – DAVID,** 32, uncomplicated, shy, extrovert, practical dreamer, quiet rebel, into warmth, honesty and the meaning of life, seeks person in touch with their feelings. Box (07)2368. N7.10

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**DIFFERENT** (attractive gay man, 36, emotionally stable, sincere, into music, travel, computers, language, sex/peace/eco-pol) SEEKS SIMILAR (over 21) for uninhibited, uninhibiting good times in/near Yorkshire. Photo appreciated. Box (07)2374. N7.12

**FEMALE GRADUATE,** young 44, separated, starting again, attractive, kind, easy-going, fond children, the arts, countryside, yoga, seeks kind, easy-going man, for caring relationship. London or SE. Box (07)2366. N7.13

PL please telephone AB with address 01-226 5432

**GENIAL MAN,** 35, solvent, professional, good cook, sense of humour, warm, reasonably intelligent, seeks woman under 35, who is good company. W. Yorkshire. Box (07)2373. N7.15

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**HUMOROUS MALE** graduate, 26, new to West Wiltshire, with own house, seeks non-smoking young lady, for friendship, fun and mutual activities. Box (07)2360. N7.17

**INDEPENDENT, UNATTACHED** foreign lady, 40, academic, supportive, caring, seeks friendship with sincere man, to share social, cultural, possibly emotional life. Interests: music, politics, books, countryside. Box (07)2363. N7.18

**INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE** woman, 40, divorced, interests include: politics, literature, skiing and travel, seeks compatible male. Yorkshire/Derbyshire. Box (07)2365. N7.19

**KIND BUT** firm, intuitive, single man 30s, seeks relationship, perhaps more, with intelligent woman, age, nationality unimportant. Interests: reading, music, languages, walking, travelling. London/anywhere. Box (07)2376 N7.21

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**MALE GRADUATE,** 50, divorced, presentable, solvent, seeks compatible female company, Bristol/Bath/S. Wales preferred, but not essential. Box (07)2377. N7.22

**MALE VALENTINE,** vibrant, versatile, venturesome, sought by liberated, lonely London lady. She warm, understanding, intelligent, ebullient. He available, unattached, smokefree, fifties, for companionship, conversation, cuddles. Box (07)2372. N7.24

**MALE TEACHER,** 32, own house, interested in classical music, literature and athletics, seeks female friend. Lancashire/anywhere. Box (07)2362. N7.23

**MANCHESTER: FEMALE** graduate, 33, has good friends, good job, good looks, but doesn't seem to meet any interesting, unattached men. Can you help? Photo appreciated. Box (07)2367. N7.25

**OLDER WOMAN,** be my Valentine! Whatever your age, you are not too old to be a lover: perhaps mine! I am male, 34, resident Worthing. Box (07)2389. N7.26

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**PRESENTABLE MALE** graduate, 40, seeks female friend (lover), for semi-permanent or permanent relationship. Person more important than age or outward appearance. Box (07)2405. N7.29

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**SENSITIVE, SINCERE,** socialist mechanic, 5' 4", mid 40s, terrifically fit, loves kids, countryside, theatre, films, books, travel, seeks understanding, loving woman, in South Yorkshire. Box (07)2378. N7.30

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**23 YEAR-OLD** graduate, seeks an intellectual sparring partner (male), who isn't afraid of big women and doesn't require mothering. Box (07)2375. N7.4

**VIVACIOUS LONDON** widow, (young), late 40s, intelligent, sense of humour/fun. Interests from travel – good wine etc. Non political. Seeks genuine soulmate. Box (07)2371. N7.31

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# Valentines

**AVRIL.** A bend of a needle score:
nothing at tennis! Happy Valentine
to my favourite residuary body.
Gruff. Hi Sal. N7.44

**BEEZ**
Only I discern infinite passion
and the pain of finite hearts that yearn
H. N7.45

**CHEVALIER ELENCHUS** 'Some say we are responsible for those we love. Others know we are responsible for those who love us. Dowsabel. N7.46

**HANDSOME, EDUCATED** Asian, 5' 10", 33, kind, affectionate, trustworthy, special gentleman, varied interests, wants generous female, 18-40, share everything. Not necessarily permanent, near East Grinstead desirable. Box (07)2429. N7.47

**HONEYBUN** loves little girl
and little little girl.
Hope you like the teddy? N7.48

**INCREDIBLY NICE WOMAN,** not at her best 9 a.m. remains astonishingly fond of both your first class hands. And how's that for a discreet message? Box (07)2396. N7.49

**JULIE DUNN** – I love and
miss you so very much
may the year pass quickly, we
will not part again.
Your Richard xxx.
N7.50

**LONDON MALE,** 52, seeks unattached, sensuous female, up to 60, for fun and friendship. Large ladies welcome. Nationality unimportant. All replies with phone number please. Box (07)2394. N7.51

**LOUSE.** A Valentine wish from your ardent socialist admirer in China. Have fun. Backson. Look under the fridge in STH for a little surprise. N7.52

**MALE, 54,** with painful, poignant longing for emotional satisfaction, needing to love as well as be loved, seeks woman for happy, mutually fulfilling relationship. Box (07) 2395. N7.53

**MARK,** I love you so. Thank you
for eight wonderful months.
Whatever happens tomorrow I'll
have some beautiful memories of
us to keep me warm. Marcia. N7.54

**POLLY:** come again! Hugs,
kisses and all else you
desire. Boyo. N7.55

**SCOTS-CANADIAN,** 53, 5' 10", good appearance, divorced, varied interests, currently in sales marketing with a freight company, seeks a lady companion. Box (07)2393. N7.56

**WILL SELF,** Avocado depend real
under belong magnetic each hardly
Tuesday nothing. Who needs 25
words? Five is enough, I
love you for ever, Penny. N7.57

OLD FRIENDS

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# MEETINGS

**THEOSOPHY:** S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday, 16 February 8 p.m. 'Karma — Key to Destiny'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N7.37

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON** (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor R. Rorty at 5.30 p.m. in the Chemistry Auditorium. Tues. 25 Feb., Thurs. 27 Feb., Tues. 4 Mar. 'Contingency. I. Metaphor and the Incompletability of Language. II. Freud and the Uncentredness of the Self. III. Liberalism and the Fragility of Community.' Admission Free Without Ticket. N7.38

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.** The Ethel M. Wood Memorial Lecture entitled: 'On defining the Central Message of the New Testament' will be given by the Reverend Professor E. Best (Emeritus Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Glasgow) at the University of London, Senate House (Chancellor's Hall), Malet Street, London WC1 at 5.30 on Tuesday 4 March 1986. Admission Free, Without Ticket. N7.39

# SEMINARS

**German Historical Institute, London**

**Tuesday 18 February, 5 p.m.**

**Prof. John Röhl (Brighton)**

*Kaiser Wilhelm II. A Suitable Case for Treatment?*

**17 Bloomsbury Square**
**London WC1A 2LP**
**01-404 5486**
**Tea from 4.30 p.m.**
**Seminar starts 5 p.m.**

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# BILLBOARD

## Theatre

**BLOOMSBURY THEATRE** 01-387 9629 18, 19, 21, 22 Feb 7.30pm University College Opera in **'Die Loreley'** by Max Bruch (sung in German) British premiere. Conductor: Christopher Fifield. Producer: Malcolm Hunter.

**NATIONAL THEATRE** 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) PRAVDA — A FLEET STREET COMEDY, YONADAB. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) MRS WARREN'S PROFESSION, LOVE FOR LOVE. Cottesloe (small auditorium) NOT ABOUT HEROES, THE ROAD TO MECCA. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

**ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY** 01-628 8795/638 8891 24 hr info 01-628 2295.

**BARBICAN THEATRE 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'** in repertoire with **'As You Like It'** and **'Othello'**

**THE PIT 'Melons'** by Bernard Pomerance. *'an extraordinary story'* F. Times

# AGENDA

**FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487**

## SAT 15 FEB

**ERITREA - WANT TO KNOW MORE?** County Hall, SE1. Videos, Speakers and answers. Plus bookstall etc. **Details: 01-837 9237.**

**PUBLIC MEETING: 'The Growth of Facism in France Today and the Lessons for Britain'.** Speaker: Barry Smerin. 7pm at Friends International Centre, Torrington Place, London WC1. Organised by Jewish Socialists' Group.

**NICARAGUA: HEALTH ON THE LINE.** Conference on health in Nicaragua and action in the UK. Guest Dr. Mirna Cunningham, regional administrator Zelaya Norte. County Hall, London SE1, 11am-5pm. Contact Nicaragua Health Fund, 83 Margaret Street, London W1. 01-580 4292.

**STRUGGLING PEOPLES CONFERENCE**

Saturday 15th February 1986
9.30-4.30
County Hall, London S.E.1

**AN INTERNATIONAL EVENT FOR THE LABOUR AND TRADE UNION MOVEMENT**

Workshops include Southern Africa, Central America, South America, Ireland & the Middle East.

All comrades welcome

Registration £1.50
Refreshments & Creche provided.

Organised by: The Co-ops, Liberation and London Labour M.E.P.s.

## MON 17 FEB

**BENEATH THE WHITE COAT:** seminars on science and politics organised by the **British Society for Social Responsibility in Science.** This week *Rebecca Johnson, Greenham Women's Peace Group.* 'NUCLEAR WEAPONS: MASCULINE WEAPONS AND MALE POWER.' 8pm. Adam's Arms, Conway Street, London, W1. (tube: Warren Street).

**THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Extra Mural Dept Government and Politics Course.** 6-8.30pm. Eight sessions, course fee £15. Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London E1. 01-247 2056.

## TUES 18 FEB

**MEN AND WOMEN WORKING TOGETHER - GETTING STARTED:** activities, by John Baker-Rabe/Olwen McGregor, to help people/organisations sort out M-F working relationships. 5.30-8pm, £2 (Westminster/Victoria). (BAC Counselling at Work.) Dinah Wheeler 01-213 7521.

## WED 19 FEB

**FAITH IN THE CITY.** A series of lectures at St James's Church Piccadilly, 1.05pm. This week *LINBERT SPENCER, Chief Executive, Project Fullemploy.* "Mind the Gap." Details 01-734 4511.

## FRI 21 FEB

**A VISION OF ART STUDY & ART.** Illustrated talk by Jack Rutherford of Arts & Growth Centre, Spain. 7.30pm at the Architectural Association, 10 Percy Street, London WC1. Free. For information call: 01-485 7307.

**SOCIALIST SOCIEITY CONFERENCE,** County Hall, London SE1. 8pm. *Lessons from the last Labour Government,* speakers: Tony Benn, Mike Cooley, Audrey Wise, Bernie Grant. Chair: John Palmer. Details: 01-734 8501.

## SAT 22 FEB

**STAYING ALIVE.** A day of discussions in 18 workshops organised by Marxism Today and CP Advisory. Speakers: Beresford, Johns, Kent, McLennan and from Soviet Union. More information telephone **01-251 4406.**

## SAT 22 FEB

**SOCIALIST SOCIETY CONFERENCE,** County Hall, London SE1. 10.30am-5pm. *"A Million New Jobs a Year - How?"* Speakers: Gail Lewis, Andrew Glyn, Robin Murray, Claire Short. Chair: Narendra Makanji. *Strategies for Areas and Sectors.* Panel and workshops. Concluding: Ken Livingstone, Hilary Wainwright. Chair: Jeremy Corbyn. £3/£2 unwaged. Creche, disabled access. Details 01-734 8501.

## MON 24 FEB

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: Sarah Stolz Memorial Lecture.** Speaker: Dr Otto von Habsburg, MEP, on *The European Challenge.* At the Tower Lecuture Theatre, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, SE1. 4pm for 4.30pm. Also Banquet (black tie) at the English Speaking Union 7.30 for 8pm, £28 per head inc. wine and liquers. Reserverations: David Griffiths, 37 Charles Street, London W1H 8AB. Tel: 01-629 5920.

## SAT 1 MAR

***EDUCATING FOR PEACE - a conference on* Peace Education held in the UN International Year of Peace at St Francis Hall, University of Birmingham.** For parents, teachers, students and those involved in educational administration. 9.30am-4.30pm. Cost £3/£2. Information/Registration forms from: Educating for Peace, 54 Allison Street, Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. Tel: 021-643 4617.

**CAN STAR WARS DEFEND EUROPE?**

**GLC Conference**

**Tuesday 25 February 1986 9 am**
**Council Chamber, County Hall, SE1**

*Keynote Speech:*
**The Rt. Hon. Denis Healey, MP.**

*The Technology of Star Wars: Can it Defend Europe* — **Kosta Tsipsis,** MIT, **Hans Gunter Brauch,** University of Stuttgart. — *European Deployments Required* **Rip Bulkeley,** Kings College London.

*Political & Strategic Consequences of SDI Deployment:* **Paul Rogers,** Bradford School of Peace Studies, **Klaus Hansch, MEP,** — *A Soviet View* **Yvegeni Velikhov,** Soviet Academy of Science.

*'Selling' Star Wars in the US & Europe:* **John Pike,** Federation of American Scientists, **John Isaacs,** Council for a Liveable World, USA.

*Developing a Cohesive US/European Opposition to Star Wars:* **Melinda Fine,** US Freeze Movement, **Erik Alssen,** Norwegian 'No To Nuclear Weapons' Movement, **E.P. Thompson, END.** (Panel Discussion).

**Tickets £7.50 inc. papers and lunch from:**

**Colin Hines, European Proliferation Information Centre (EPIC), 258 Pentonville Road, London N1 9JY. Tel: 01-278 2069.**

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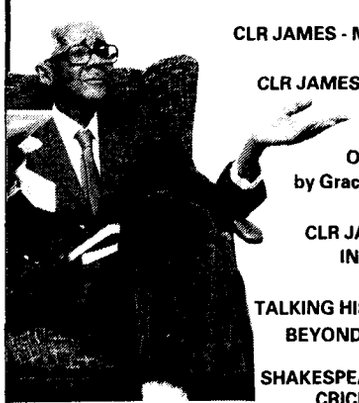

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**CLR JAMES - MAN OF THE PEOPLE by Tim Hector**

February 19th 7pm
**CLR JAMES AS WRITER AND LITERARY CRITIC by Wilson Harris**

February 20th 7pm
**ORGANISING IN THE USA 1938-1953 by Grace Lee Boggs and Martin Glaberman**

February 21st 6.30pm
**CLR JAMES - THE TROTSKYIST ACTIVIST IN BRITAIN 1932-1938 by John Archer**

**FILMS**

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Further information from Creation For Liberation The Basement, 165 Railton Road, London SE24 OLU. Telephone 01-737 2074

**THE BLACK JACOBINS — A PLAY BY CLR JAMES at the RIVERSIDE STUDIOS FEB 21 to MARCH 15**

**Commissioned by the GLC Race Equality Unit as part of the Black Experience Arts Programme.**



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MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS: SILVER LININGS
IT'S ODD, BUT SINCE THAT MAN GAVE ME THE PUSH
THE WRITER'S BLOCK SEEMS TO HAVE CLEARED
ON MY VITRIOLIC MAN HATING NOVEL
JANIS GOODMAN

# CHESS

NOW THAT the world championship cycle has been reduced to three years instead of two, it threatens to crowd everything else out of the news. The zonals, interzonals, candidates' tournament and matches, combined with the title match itself, go to make up a sort of running battle. Bearing in mind that in the past there was often more running than battling, since the champion ingloriously dodged any encounter with the leading contender, I suppose we shouldn't complain. To think that in all the years of their rivalry Alekhine and Capablanca only played one championship match! Three Karpov-Kasparov matches within two years may be overdoing things a little, but such activity seems healthy for the game, even if some of the leading lights get burnt out more quickly than the old flames.

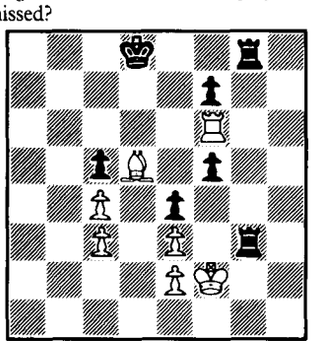
Before the candidates' semi-finals Jan Timman predicted that the final would be between him and Rafael Vaganian. It seemed a reasonable forecast at the time, but proved to be way out. Vaganian never looked capable of coping with Sokolov and lost the ten-game match by a score of 2-6. Yusupov-Timman was a more interesting contest. The Dutch GM took an early lead by winning the first game in good Nimzowitschian style, but after three draws he suddenly and surprisingly fell to pieces, losing games 5, 6 and 7. Another victory in game 9 gave Yusupov the match with a score of 6-3. Exit the sole suriving West European candidate. Whether it be through-Kasparov, Karpov, Sokolov or Yusupov, the USSR is now certain of retaining the championship until 1989.

Meanwhile, though, as if to show that there is yet hope of a challenge to the freshly consolidated Soviet domination, heartening news comes from the tournament at Wijk aan Zee, always one of the strongest events in the chess calendar, where the leading scores (out of a possible 13) were: 1 **Nigel Short** 9½, 2-3. Ljubojevic and van der Wiel 8, 4. Hübner 7½, 5-6. **Julian Hodgson** and Sosonko 7, 7-9. Chernin, Hort and Seirawan 6½. Winning by such a decisive margin in an event of this calibre is Short's most impressive result to date. Hodgson's performance is also a career-best, and all the more creditable in that he got into the tournament the hard way, by winning the master group last year. Seeing these two together at the top of an international tournament gives me an eerie feeling. Back in 1976 Bob Toner decided he would enliven the second series of BBC-2 *Master Game* programmes by drafting in a couple of kid prodigies. Nigel and Julian were selected for billing as stars of tomorrow. After a few alarms, the prodigies succumbed to Hartson and Botterill, much to the chagrin of all the viewers no doubt. At the time I was sceptical. How could anyone tell whether these 10- or 11-year-olds would become really good players? Now, I must acknowledge that Leonard Barden is a great soothsayer.

By the way, I do have a niggling worry as to whether all this chronicling of the deeds of the high and mighty may not blind us to changes at a humbler level which are really more important. One such is the disappearance of the school chess master — or rather, of the good will that made that function possible. Regrettable as it is, the subject is almost too embarrassing to dwell on. Pointing to the collapse of any one extra-curricular activity seems like whingeing, in a context in which such a general impoverishment of our educational system is tolerated.

**Problem**

In this position Black played 1 . . . **Rg1** and White, seeing no defence to the threat of mate by 2 . . . R8g2, resigned. What had the players missed?



**Solution**

**1 . . . Rg1? 2 Bxe4! fxe4 3. Rd6 +** and White draws either by perpetual check or stalemate. So the diagram is by no means an easy win for Black, though it has been suggested that **1 . . . Rg2 + 2. Ke1 Rg1 + 3. Kd2 Ra1** would have won legitimately. From Perez-Ivkov, Havana 1962.

**George Botterill**

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# QUIZ

1) Who said last week 'Everybody should have a Ronald Reagan in their lives'?
2) To which magazine was Ron Reagan junior appointed contributing editor last week?
3) Which political party revealed last week that it had a deficit of £1,301,030 for the last financial year?
4) Which Labour front bencher was fined £60 last week for driving at 98 mph on the Glasgow-Carlisle road?
5) Which composer announced last week that he was leaving Greece because he had 'provoked and displeased' the government?
6) Which actress who died last week spent 12 years working as a secretary in a bootpolish factory?
7) Which show closed in London last week after 2,913 performances?
8) Which newspaper closed last week after 130 years of publication?
9) What have Bob Geldof, Winnie Mandela, Nelson Mandela and Dr Anatoly Koryagin in common?
10) What have the films *Out of Africa*, *The Color Purple*, and *Witness* in common?

**Answers**

1) Nancy Reagan; 2) *Playboy*; 3) the Conservative Party; 4) John Smith MP; 5) Mikis Theodorakis; 6) Dandy Nichols; 7) *Evita*; 8) *Sheffield Morning Telegraph*; 9) All have been nominated for this year's Nobel Peace Prize; 10) All have been nominated for this year's Oscars



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